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NOT ALL SUMMER.

BY S. Y. W.

The roses of summer are red and white;
  And see; I twine them in your hair,
That they may nestle in the light
  That heaven and nature mingle there;
And, like your lips beyond compare,
Are roses all along our way.
  Why should we ever dream of care,
If life were all a summer-day?

Your voice, that thrills me with delight,
  Has notes of sweetness deep and rare;
And, like the lily's petals white,
  The robe of purity you wear.
  And, by your heavenly eyes I swear
That, come what would to love dismay,
  I still would hold thee chaste and fair,
If life were all a summer-day.

Our day of love would know no night,
  Nor threatening cloud of dark despair;
No frost of jealousy would blight
  Nor haunting hate our rapture share;
  But we, with spirits light as air,
Would live and love from gold to gray,
  Of pain and sorrow unaware,
If life were all a summer-day.

But clouds sometimes the sky must bear,
  Or winter hold her frosty sway;
And life, sweet one, would be less fair,
  If life were all a summer-day.

OUT OF THE NIGHT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "LORD LYNN'S CHOICE," "HER MOTHER'S SIN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—(CONTINUED.)

AH, this was something like, thought Doris, to be wooed and flattered in poetry. She dropped her dainty lids, the rose pink deepened in her cheeks, and she gave a slow, sweet sigh.

"Did you make that poetry?"

"No; but I would I could make immortal verses, for your sake," said Earle. "The world should hear of you."

The world! Oh, rare delight! Had she not dreamed of driving men mad for love, of making poets sing, and artists paint her charms? And these conquests were begun.

She looked up archly. She knew when to check the tides of enthusiasm and adoration, that they might grow stronger for the repression.

"Away with poetry, my singer, here comes prose."

Over the field toward them strode honest Mark Brace, looking for his neophyte in rural toils.

Mark's round face was crimson with heat and exertion, a broad smile responded to the pretty picture these two young lovers made under the tree. He cried, heartily:

"A deal you are learning this morning, Master Earle. Will you put off your lessons in wheat stacking till next year? Lindenholm Farm, at this rate, will be a model farm to the county when the madam turns it over to you."

"I was not in working humor," said Earle.

"Work won't wait for humors," quoth Mark. "And for you, my pretty miss, I don't doubt your sister is making butter and your mother cooking dinner, while you are playing shepherdess under a tree."

"Do I look as if I could work?" laughed Doris, springing to her feet and extending a wee rose leaf hand. "I am only for ornament, not use. But I will leave Mr. Moray, for 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and I have made him lazy. Good-bye, poet. 'Blessings brighten as they take their flight;' so I expect to look more and more charming, as I depart homeward."

The minx knew that she had done enough that day to turn Earle Moray's head, and it would be well to let the effect deepen in absence. She danced off homeward and Earle whispered under his breath:

"Against her ankles as she trod,
The lucky buttercups did nod;
  I leaned upon the gate to see—
The sweet thing looked but did not speak—
A dimple came in either cheek,
  And all my heart was gone from me!"

Mark Brace looked after his Fairy Changeling in dire perplexity. To him work, honest labor—winning bread from the soil, was noble and happy; in all the words of Doris rang some delicate undertone of irony and scorn of what he most esteemed.

Fair, fair, indeed, but was it not selfish of her to let those whom she deemed her blood, work, and she stay idle? Yes, there was the hundred pounds, and she was not really their blood, but of some idle never-toiling strain.

More and more his hands were bound concerning the beauty, as she grew up in his care. He wished he could explain it to Moray, but he could not. Honor held him to silence. He could warn. He spoke suddenly, laying a hand on the lad's arm.

"Earle, I like you vastly. You are honest, good, a gentleman. I should be sorry indeed to see you giving your time, and mind, and setting your heart on that pretty, idle lass of mine."

"Sorry, Mark? Why sorry? She is sweet and lovely!"

"If it were Mattie, now," said honest Mark, speaking not as a father or matchmaker, but as a man. "Well and good. I'd not say a word. A man's heart may rest in Mattie—Heaven bless her! But Doris is of quite a different strain. In her there is no rest. One could never find rest in her. Never—never."

Earle tried to smile, but the words struck home, and were fixed in his heart beside the thought of Doris.

Meanwhile Doris danced off home, and framed her lovely countenance in the vines about the kitchen window.

"And what have you been doing?" asked Patty, reprovingly.

"Turning Earle Moray's head," responded Doris, promptly.

Mattie started and paled a little.

"He thinks I'm lovely," cried Doris, with a laugh.

"So you may be, but no thanks to you," said Patty, "and if you set yourself to head turning, mark my words, child, there will some terrible evil overtake you both."

CHAPTER XI.

SUMMER day glided silently after summer day, and at Brackenside Farm Earle Moray was retelling for himself the story of Eden—the love of one man for one woman, to him the only woman in the world.

Alas, that his had not been a more guileless Eve! The love-making was patent to every one, and the family at the farm wondered where it would end.

Mark Brace was truly sorry that Earle had set his heart on the lovely, fantastic Doris; and yet, honest man, he did not wonder that any young fellow should be beguiled by so fair a face, and he could not but be heartily amused at the queenly airs with which the farm fondling, believing herself a tenant farmer's child, received the homage of Earle Moray, poet and gentleman, owner of the little estate of Lindenholm.

Good Patty Brace was, on her part, greatly perplexed. With woman's keen intuition in love, she perceived the intense sincerity of Earle's passion for Doris, and saw as well that Doris was entirely without heart for him.

The girl admired him, loved his flattery, desired to be some one's chief object, but would have tossed him aside as easily as an old glove if a more dashing adorer had made his appearance.

Besides, if Doris gave consent to Earle's wooing, would Mrs. Moray be well pleased with her son's choice?

Mrs. Moray of Lindenholm was a thoroughly practical woman, and would see at a glance that the idle young beauty would be a very unreliable wife for any man, especially for one of moderate means.

"What fools men are in love matters," quoth Patty to herself—"at least most men!" with a thought backward to Mark's sensible choosing.

"This dreamer and verse-writer would have done well to choose our Mattie, who would help him on and make him happy his life-long. But Doris is only fit to marry a lord, as no doubt she sprung from a lord; but where a lord is to come from as a suitor goodness knows, not I."

And, of all who saw the summer wooing, Mattie was the most deeply touched, but gave no sign.

When she felt the sharpness of the pain when Doris asserted empire over Earle, then Mattie first guessed that she had set her love upon him; and she gave herself the task of rooting out lover's love, and planting sisterly affection in its stead.

Her gentle face grew graver, her soft brown eyes had a most wistful light, but not a thought of jealousy, or anger, or envy.

God was good to Mattie in that no ill weeds throve in her maiden soul. Doris did not find the sweetness she had expected in tormenting her, for Mattie gave no signs of torment—rather for Earle than for herself she was sad, and that with reason.

It is sad to see a young man love absorbingly, madly, giving up all for love. Doris became his one idea. Even his mother, while she knew he was attracted by a pretty daughter of Mark Brace, did not guess his infatuation. Scarcely an hour in the day were the young pair parted.

Earle had told Doris of the poet's old recipe for a lovely complexion, washing in morning dew; and Doris, to preserve the most exquisite complexion in the world, went out, when the sun rose, to bathe her cheeks and brow with the other lilies and roses in the dews of the dawning.

Earle met her and rambled with her through flowery lanes. When his supposed studies in farming began, he was rather lounging at the feet of Doris than learning of Mark Brace; yet so eagerly did he hurry off to the farm, that his mother blessed his unwonted attention to duty.

He dined at home, not to leave his mother lonely, then off again, and his farm studies consisted in reading poetry or tales to Doris, under trees, or wandering far into the gloaming with her in Brackenside garden. His heart poured itself out in Herrick's grand old song—"To Anthea:"

"Thou art my life, my soul, my heart,
  The very eyes of me—
Thou hast command of every part,
  To live and die for thee."

His rich young voice rolled forth these words with deep feeling.

Doris laughed at the song, at first, but his earnestness in singing it touched her a very little.

"I shall always think of you when I hear that song," she said.

"Think of me! Yes, but it means we are to be parted, and you think—just to remember—Doris. I should die!"

He was fervid, handsome, romantic, brilliant in love's first glow, hard to resist.

She smiled at him.

"Let us fancy we will not be parted," she said, sweetly.

Earle came hurrying up one day after dinner.

"Now for a long evening in the garden!" he cried. "I have brought a new drama, the poetry is exquisite. We will sit in the arbor under the honeysuckle, and while the summer wind is full of the breath of flowers, I will read you the sweeter breathing of a poet's soul. Come Doris—come, Mattie—let us off to the garden."

Mattie's face flushed with joy; it was so sweet to find some pleasure she could share with him.

Earle read, his voice was full of fire and music. Mattie listened entranced. Doris half forgot her favorite dreams of herself in gorgeous crowds, the centre of admiration. The gloaming fell as he read the last lines.

"It is beautiful, it is poetry," said Mattie, "but not in its idea. I can not love the heroine, though her face is fair. Beauty should be united to goodness, and goodness has not this cruel pride. To think of a woman who would let a brave man die, or risk death, to win a smile! I always hated the lady who threw the glove, and I think the knight served her well, to leave her when he returned the glove, for she had no idea of true love."

"Beauty has a right to all triumphs," cried Doris, "and men have always been ready to die for beauty's smile."

"A good man's life is worth more than any woman's smile," said Mattie. "The man's life, the woman's life, are Heaven's gifts, to be spent in doing good.

"We have no right to throw them idly away, or demand their sacrifice. I never liked these stories of wasted affection, they are too pitiful. To give all and get nothing is a cruel fate."

"Oh, you little silly country-girl," laughed Doris, "you do not think that beautiful women are queens, and hearts are their rightful kingdom, and they can get as many as they like, and do what they please with them."

"You talk to amuse yourself," said Earle, "that sweet smile and voice fit your cruel words as little as they would suit an executioner's sword."

"What is slaying by treachery in love better than murder?" asked Mattie, eagerly.

"It is a very exciting, piquant, interesting form of murder," retorted her wicked little sister.

"How can any one enjoy giving pain?" cried Mattie. "I have read of such women, but to me they seem true demons, however fair. Think of destroying hope, life, genius, morals—for what? For amusement, and yet these sons all had mothers."

"You are in earnest, Mattie," said Earle, admiringly.

"I feel in earnest," said Mattie, passionately.

"Pshaw! there is much spider and fly in men and women," laughed Doris. "Women weave silvery nets in the sun, and the silly men walk straight in. Who's to blame?"

"You talk like a worn-out French cynic," cried Mattie.

"Well, who is to blame?" persisted Doris; "pretty women for just amusing themselves according to their natures? or silly men for walking into danger, being warned?"

"It should not be a woman's nature to

set traps for hearts or souls. You know better, Doris," urged Mattie.

"If I could be rich and great, and go to London, and live in society, you'd see if I would do better," retorted Doris.

"You two remind me of verses of a poem on two sisters," said Earle. "Their lives lay far apart.

"'One sought the gilded world, and there became
A being fit to startle and surprise,
Till men moved to the echoes of her name,
And bowed beneath the magic of her eyes.'

"Yes, that means me," said Doris, tranquilly.

"'But she, the other, with a happier choice,
Dwelt 'mong the breezes of her native fields,
Laughed with the brooks, and saw the flowers rejoice,
Brimmed with all sweetness that the summer yields.'

That, then, is Mattie."

Mattie looked up in gratified surprise.

"If you are complimenting Mattie I won't stay and hear it; I reign alone!" cried Doris, half laughing, half petulant, and darting away she sought her own room, and refused to return that night.

It was often so. When she had sunned Earle with her smiles she withdrew her presence, or changed smiles to frowns; so he was never cloyed with too much sweetness. When Doris withdrew, in vain he sang under the window, or sent her love-full notes. The summer sun of his love had its shadows, its thunder-clouds, yet Earle loved and was happy.

CHAPTER XII.

IT was the good custom of Mark Brace to close the day with prayers, and sometimes a word or two of the psalms for the day penetrated the sedulously deaf ears of Doris.

Such happened to be the case one August night, and set the beauty thinking. She was perched on the sill of the dairy window, next morning, watching Mattie make butter, but her brow wore a perplexed frown, and a look of curiosity not provoked by butter-making was in her blue eyes.

"What is the matter? What are you thinking of Doris?"

"I'm thinking that I'm an example of Scripture truth."

"In what particular?" asked Mattie.

"In the particular of tumbling into the pit, or catching in the net, duly set forth by me for other people."

"I don't quite understand you."

"Then you are even duller than usual, and, as I may no more speak in parables, I will expound myself clearly. I deliberately endeavored to entrap and entangle Earle Morey into loving me, for my summer pastime. I did not duly consider that I might fall in love with him myself."

"Why not, if you desired him to love you?"

"That was merely part of beauty's dues, child. Why not? He is not rich enough, or great enough; he cannot take me to London, and make me a society queen."

"Certainly not. You did not expect that."

"True. And I did not expect to fall in love with him."

"But you have? Surely you have; he loves you so much."

"Eh? Do you want me to love him? I thought you wanted him."

"I only wanted him to be happy," said Mattie, turning away, with a blush.

"Perhaps I love him a little. I am not capable of loving much," said Doris, with exceeding frankness. "My chief affections are set upon the pomps and vanities of this life, which I presume were renounced for me in my baptism."

"Don't be so wicked!" cried the scandalized Mattie.

"And yet I don't know that I could say 'yes,' if Earle asked me to marry him. I might, and then repent, and take it back. I supposed, if he asked father and mother, they would say 'yes,' and be fearfully awkward about it."

"You shall not talk so about them!" said Mattie, indignantly.

"I don't feel to them as you do—why is it? I don't feel a part of the Brace family. I like you, Mattie; father amuses me with his outspoken, homely ways; I don't consider mother much. She is good, but commonplace, like brown bread; in fact, you are all too rustic, and homely, and pious, and common sensical, for wicked me. Are you done with that butter? Why don't it grow made? I am sick of life. Earle is off to Brakebury for his mother. It is only half past eight, and I feel as if I had been up a century. Come with me to get blackberries."

"I cannot. I have much dairy work to do yet," said Mattie.

"I wish you would go for blackberries for supper," said Patty Brace, coming in. "You don't seem disposed to do anything useful, Doris—suppose you try that."

"I take care of my room and my clothes," pouted Doris, "and that nearly kills me. I wish I had a maid!"

Patty laughed.

"Well, child, the woods are cool and beautiful, and you are tired of doing nothing. Take this basket and try and fill it with blackberries."

Fearful of being asked to do some more practical duty if she rejected this Doris picked up the basket, put on a pair of gloves, tied her sun-hat down under her distracting little chin, and set forth toward the knoll, a place famous for blackberries. The grass was long and thick, the aftermath of clover loaded the air with fragrance, scarlet creepers ran along the hedges, and at the knoll, with purple stems and green and orange leaves, grew the blackberries in globules of polished jet.

An inspiration of industry seized Doris, and she filled her basket; the soft little tips of her fingers were dyed crimson with the fruit. She lingered over her task. Earle might return, and it would be pleasant under the trees, birds singing and grass rustling about them, while Earle talked poetry to her.

But Earle did not come, and something in the silence of nature set this thoughtless creature to thinking.

It was one of those solemn hours of life when our fate hangs in the balance. What of her future? What should she do with herself? Should she give up her frantic ambition, her intense desire after excitement, riches, and splendor, and accepting an honest man, settle in a simple, comfortable home, and grace it as a good wife and mother all her days? Could she do that?

Should she refuse Earle Morey, on whose lips an offer of himself and his all was trembling? Should she send him away? She scarcely felt ready for that. She had grown to love him a little—just a little—but more than any one—except herself.

Should she fly this homely quiet life, these good, uncongenial people, fly to the great city, and set out under a feigned name to make her own way in the world, as singer, actress—any wild, adventurous path that might find her at least a lord for a husband? Should she?

"Can I give him up? Can I leave him to Mattie?" Will he ever be famous and rich enough to make it worth while to nourish my little bit of love for him into real love, if I can ever love? Oh, for some good fairy to rise up and tell me what to do!"

She started in sudden fear, for surely a step was coming close to her, some one from the other side of the coppice, who had watched her unseen. Not a fairy. A gentleman. A very presentable gentleman, who said:

"I beg pardon. Do not let me alarm you."

Then the two looked at each other.

Doris saw a handsome, middle-aged man, palette on his thumb, box of paints under his arm, portable easel in his hand; wide-awake hat, velveteen suit. She promptly summed him up—"artist."

He saw—Doris; Doris, mold of beauty; naiad in grace; innocence in her startled eyes; face of an angel; miles of a wood nymph. He began to believe in the gods of old. He said to himself, "Maid or spirit? Mortal or vision?"

"Forgive me for startling you," he said; "but I have been watching you, as you stood under this tree—"

"I hate to be watched," interrupted Doris.

"As a man I was guilty; as an artist, guiltless, for an artist, above all things, loves and serves his art, and considers all he sees as subservient to it. I came to Downsbury in quest of studies in still life. For years I have had an ideal of a face that I wished to paint in my best mood; a face after which all should wonder. I have searched cities and country; I have wandered in my quest for that face through other lands; and when I saw you under the tree, I was all the artist—all lost in art—for yours is the face I have been seeking for my canvas."

"Why, do you mean I would make a picture—a real picture?" demanded Doris, with studied simplicity.

"Yes; ten thousand times yes! Under this greenwood tree, your basket at your feet, your hat swinging in your hand, your eyes lifted—yes, a picture to be known and praised forever. Child, I will make your beauty immortal."

This was what she had dreamed.

A poet was singing her praises, and would do so, whether she played him false or not; and here was an artist to paint her for a world to admire.

Could she, who so inspired men, tie herself to the narrow bounds of one humble, rustic hearth? Never!

"May I paint you?" demanded the artist. "May I set you in canvas, in immortal youth and loveliness, to live years, perhaps centuries hence, in deathless beauty?"

"The picture—the face—will live! Where, in those far-off ages, shall I be?" asked Doris, earnestly.

Gregory Leslie thought the word and mood strange.

"The best part of you is immortal," he said, gently.

"And what would you call my picture?"

"'Innocence.' Yes, 'Innocence' should be its name?"

"But what in me seems to you the image of 'Innocence'?"

Stranger question still. But he answered as an artist:

"You have an ideal brow, rounded at the temples as the old masters painted their angels. Your eyes are large, bright, clear, as seeing more of heaven than earth. Your lips have the most exquisite curve. The form of your face, its coloring, your hair, are all simply perfect!"

"You shall paint my picture!" cried Doris, joyously, changing her mood. "You need ask no consent but mine!"

CHAPTER XIII.

"DORIS, you must not do it. I cannot bear it!"

"I don't see what difference it make to you, Earle, and you have no right to interfere, and do it I surely shall."

Thus Doris and Earle on the theme of portrait painting.

Gregory Leslie was too astute a man, too experienced, to take his wandering naiad at her word, and paint her picture, asking no consent but her own. Never had a girl so puzzled him. Her rare beauty, found in so remote and rural a district; her delicate hands, soft, cultured tones, exquisite, high-bred grace, in contrast with her very common, simple, tasteful, dress; and then her words, so odd—either purest innocence and simplicity, or curious art in wickedness.

Who and what was the young enchantress? Then, too, her smile, the turn of her neck, her way evoked constantly some shadowy reminiscence, some picture set far back and grown dim in the gallery of his memory, but surely there. Again and again he strove to catch the fleeing likeness, but at once, with the effort, it was gone.

"If you want to paint me, begin!" said Doris, childlike.

"Pardon. It would inconvenience you to stand here; the sketch even would take time. It must be a work of care. I shall do better if I have your permission to accompany you home. Also I must ask your parents' consent."

"They don't mind!" cried Doris, petulantly, after some little hesitation. "I am only a farmer's daughter." She flushed with bitter vexation at the thought, but seeing the artist immovable in his purpose, added: "I live at Brackenside, it is not far; you can easily come there."

"If you will permit," said Gregory, with courtesy.

"You can come. I have no objection," said Doris, with the air of a princess.

She picked up her basket, and moved away with the grace, the proud bearing of "the daughter of a hundred earls."

Gregory Leslie marveled more and more. As an artist, he was enraptured; as a man, he was puzzled by this new Daphne.

Doris, seemingly forgetting her new cavalier, yet taking a rapid side look at him, considered that he was very handsome, if getting a little gray; also, that his air was that of a man of the world, a dash of the picturesque added to the culture of cities.

She wished Earle would meet them, and go into a spasm of jealousy. But Earle was spared that experience, and only Mark, Patty, and Mattie Brace were at the farm-house, to be dazzled with the beauty's conquest.

Arrived at the gate, Doris turned with humility to her escort.

"This is my house. I do not like it. Most people think the place pretty."

"It is a paradise!" said Leslie, enthusiastically.

"Then it must have a serpent in it," quoth Doris.

"I hope not," said Leslie.

"It has. I have felt it bite!"

Mark Brace, with natural courtesy, came from the door to meet them.

"This is an artist that I met at the knoll" said Doris, calmly. "He is looking for subjects for pictures. I think he mentioned his name was Mr. Leslie, and he wishes to paint me."

"Wants a picture of you, my darling!" said honest Mark, his face lighting with a smile. "Then he shows his good taste. Walk in, sir; walk in. Let us ask my wife."

He led the way into the cool, neat, quaint kitchen-room, hated of Doris' soul, but to the artist a study most excellent.

Then did the artist look at the Brace family in deepest wonder. Mark had called the wood-nymph "my darling," and asserted a father's right; and yet not one line or trace of Mark was in this dainty maid.

Leslie turned to study Patty, who had made her courtesy and taken the basket of berries—dark, strong, plump, tidy, intelligent, kindly, plain. Not a particle of Patty in this aristocratic young beauty, who called her "mother" in a slighting tone.

Then, in despair, he fixed his eyes on Mattie Brace—brown, earnest, honest, dark, sad eyes, good, calm—just as little like the pearl-and-gold beauty as the others.

Meanwhile Mark and Patty eyed each other.

"I want to speak to you a minute, Mark," said Patty; and the pair retired to the dairy.

Doris flushed angrily, and drummed on the window-sill.

"Behold a mystery!" said Gregory Leslie to himself.

"Mark," said Patty, in the safe retirement of the milk-pans, "this needs considering. Doris is not our own. To have her picture painted and exhibited in London to all the great folk may be the last thing her mother would desire; and her mother is yet living, as the money comes always the same way."

"I declare, Patty, I never thought of that."

"And yet, if Doris has set her heart on it, she'll have it done, you see," added Patty.

"True," said Mark. "And people will hardly think of seeking resemblances to middle-aged people in a sort of fancy picture. Better let it be done under our eye, Patty."

"I suppose so, since we cannot hinder its doing."

They returned to the kitchen.

"We have no objection, if you wish to make the picture, sir," said Mark.

"I should think not; I had settled that," said Doris.

"In return for your kindness," said the artist to Patty, "I will make a small portrait of her for your parlor."

So one sitting was given then and there, and others were arranged for.

When Earle came that evening, he heard all the story; and then, being with Doris in the garden, they fell out over it, beginning as set forth in the opening of this chapter.

"I cannot and will not have another man gazing at you, studying your every look, carrying your face in his soul."

"If you are to begin by being jealous," said Doris, delighted, "I might as well know. I enjoy jealousy as a proof of love, and as amusing me, but I like admiration, and I mean to have it all my life. If I ever go to London, I expect to have London at my feet. Besides, if you mean to sing me for all the world, why cannot Mr. Leslie paint me? You say Poetry and Art should wait at the feet of Beauty. Now they shall!"

It ended by a truce, and Doris agreed that Earle should be present at every sitting. This calmed Earle, and rejoiced her. She thought it would be charming to pit poet and artist one against the other.

But the sittings did not thus fall out. Earle grew much interested, and he and Gregory admired and took a liking for each other. Gregory admired Doris as a beauty, but his experienced eye detected the lacking loveliness of her soul.

Besides, he had no love but art, and his heart shrined one sacred pervading memory. Daily, as he painted, that haunting reminiscence of some long ago-seen face, or painted portrait, grew upon him. He looked at Doris and searched the past. One day he cried out, as he painted:

"I have it!"

"What have you?" demanded Doris, curiously.

"A face, a name, that you constantly brought to mind in a shadowy way—that you resembled."

"Man or woman?" demanded Doris, eagerly.

"A man."

She was disappointed. She had hoped to hear of some reigning belle of society.

"Was he handsome?" she asked, less interested.

"Remarkably so. How else, if your face was like his?"

"But how can it be like a stranger I never heard of?"

"A coincidence—a freak of nature," said Leslie, slowly.

"And what was he like?" demanded Doris.

"Faithless and debonair! False, false and fair, like all his line. It was a fatal race; he's no worse than the rest."

CHAPTER XIV.

DESPITE all the love eagerly made by Earle, and readily accepted by Doris, there was no formal engagement. A hundred times the decisive words trembled on the lips of the poet-lover, and he chided himself that they were not uttered.

But then, if she said "no," what lot would be his? As for Doris, not being prepared to say "yes," she deferred decision, and checked Earle on the verge of a finality, for she was not ready to dismiss her suitor. If he fled from Brackenside, what pleasure would be left in life?

She had soon ceased her efforts to flirt with Gregory Leslie; he regarded her with the eye of an artist—what of his feeling that was not artistic, was paternal.

At first she had hoped that an opening might be made for her to city life. She had wild dreams that he could get an engagement for her as an actress or concert singer, where wonderful beauty would make up for lack of training; she built wild castles in the air about titled ladies who would take her for an adopted daughter or companion.

But Gregory Leslie was the last man to tempt a lovely, heedless young girl to the vortex of city life.

She told him one day of some of her longings and distastes. She hated the farm, the country. She wanted the glory of the city—dress, theatres, operas, promenades.

"Can't you tell me how to get what I want?"

"Child," said Gregory, "you would soon weary of it, and long for peace. You have a devoted young lover, who offers you a comfortable home at Lindenholm."

"To live with my mother-in-law?" said Doris.

"A very amiable woman. I have often met her."

"It would be just this dullness repeated all my life," said Doris, tearful and pouting.

"It would be love, comfort, safety, goodness. Besides, this young Moray is one of our coming men. He has native power. I am much mistaken if he does not make a name, fame, place, fortune."

"Do you suppose he will one day go to London and be great?"

"Yes, I do."

"I would like that. A poet's lovely home, where learned people, and musical wonders, and famous actors, and artists like you, Mr. Leslie, come; and we had flowers, and pictures, and song, and gayety."

"It is pleasant, well come by. You might have it all, as Mr. Moray's wife, if at first you waited patiently."

Earle took new value in this ambitious girl's eyes.

Meanwhile, warned by the experience with Leslie which might have turned out so differently, had Leslie played lover, and offered London life to Doris, Earle resolved to press his suit, and urge early marriage. He must have some way of holding fast the fair coquette. To him the marriage tie was invulnerable.

Once his wife, he fancied she would be ever true. Yes, once betrothed, believed that she would be true as steel. So one fine September morning, when Leslie's picture was nearly finished, Earle came up to the farm, resolved to be silent no longer. He met Mattie first. He took her hand.

"Mattie, dear sister-friend, to-day I mean to ask Doris to be my wife. Wish me success."

Mattie's heart died within her, but the true eyes did not quail, as she said:

"I hope she will consent, for I know you love her. Heaven send you all good gifts."

"If she does not take me, my life will be spoiled!" cried Earle, passionately.

"Hush," said Mattie. "No man has a right to say such words. No one should ever throw away all good that Heaven has given him, because of one good withheld."

"Does she love me? Tell me!"

"I do not know. There is no way but to ask her."

They heard a gay voice singing through the garden. In came Doris, her arms laden with lavender flowers cut for drying. She came, and filled the room with light.

"You here, Earle!" cried Doris. "Come up to the coppice nutting with me; the hazel bushes are full."

She held out her hand, frank and natural as a child, and away they went together.

Doris was fantastic as a butterfly that day. She danced on before Earle. She lingered till he overtook her, and before he could say two words, was off again.

Then she sang gay snatches of song. She noted his anxious, grave face, and setting her saucy little head on one side, trilled forth:

"Prithee, why so pale, fond lover,
Prithee, why so pale?
For if looking well won't move her,
Looking ill must fail."

Finally, at a mossy seat under an oak tree, he made a dash, caught her, drew her to his side, and cried:—

"Doris, be quiet, and hear me; you shall hear me; I have something to tell you—something important."

"Bless us!" cried Doris, in pretended terror. "Is it going to rain? Are you going to tell me something dreadful about the weather? and I have a set of new ribbons on!"

"Dear Doris, it is not about the weather; it is an old, old story."

"Don't tell it by any means; I hate old things."

"But this is beautiful to me—so beautiful I must tell it."

"If you are so distracted about it, after the fashion of the Ancient Mariner and his tale, I know you have told it to at least a dozen other girls."

"Never!" cried Earle; "never once! It is the story of my love, and I never loved anyone but you."

"You have the advantage of me," said Doris, with a charming air. "I seems you have loved once; I never have."

"Doris! Doris! don't say that!" cried Earle.

"Not? Why, how many experiences should I have had at my age?" demanded Doris, with infinite archness.

"Yes, you are a child—a sweet, innocent child. But love me, Doris. Love me and be my wife. You know I adore you. Do not drive me to despair. I cannot live without you. Will you be my wife?"

Doris looked thoughtfully at Earle. From her eyes, her face, one would have said that she was realizing for the first time the great problem of love; that love was dawning in her young soul as she listened to Earle's pleading.

But in her heart she was telling herself that this play of love would give a new zest to her life at the farm, would add a little excitement to daily dullness; that, even if she promised, she need not be bound if anything better came in her way. Earle Moray might be the best husband she could find. What was it Mr. Leslie had said about him?

Earle, unconscious of this dark abyss in his idol's soul, sat watching the wide violet eyes, the gently parted lips, the pink flush growing like the morning on her rounded cheek.

He put his arm gently about her.

"Doris, answer me."

"Can't I wait—an hour, a day, a week, a month, a year?"

"No!—a thousand times no! Suspense would kill me."

"Why, I wouldn't die so easy as that."

"Doris, answer me. Say yes."

"Yes," said Doris, placidly.

Earle caught her in his arms, and kissed her frequently.

"Is that the way you mean to act?" laughed Doris sweet and low. "Why did you tell me to say 'yes,' and get my hair rumpled, and my dress all crushed up that way?"

"You are mine, my own Doris! Tell me, no one else shall ever make love to you, or kiss you—you will never be another's?"

"Of course not," said Doris, with delicious assurance.

"You will be true to me forever?"

"Yes; I will be true forever," said Doris.

If she played at love-making, she would play her part perfectly, let come what would afterward.

"And you will marry me? When will you marry me?" urged this impetuous young lover.

"How can I tell? This is all very pleasant, being lovers; and then you must ask—the people at the farm." She spoke with reluctance. It always irritated her to call the honest Brace family "parents, sister." "I can't be married till they say so. And—there's your mother."

"They will all agree to what will make us happy."

"And will you agree to what will make me happy?"

"Yes, my darling, with all my heart and soul!"

"Then you must build up fame, and get money, and go to London to live, for I do not love this country life. Only think, to live in London among the literati and the noted people! We will surely do that, Earle?"

CHAPTER XV.

GREGORY LESLIE, seated before his easel, saw the young couple returning to the house.

No need to tell him what had happened. The triumphant lover was in every line of Earle's face.

Gregory Leslie sighed. Earle had won the most beautiful girl in England for his wife; but the artist was a deep student of nature, and he read in Doris a disposition intensely worldly and selfish; an ambition that nothing could satisfy; a moral weakness that would break a promise as easily as Samson broke the seven green withes.

Doris ran away from Earle into the garden, and left him to enter the house alone. Gregory was the first one he saw.

"Wish me joy!" he cried, exultantly.

"With all my heart What you have won, may you keep."

"I have no fear," said Earle, the gentleman. "She loves me."

"You have the original, I the picture. This picture will wake the curiosity of the world," said Gregory, looking at his work.

"But you will not tell who or where is the original? I do not wish my Doris to be pursued by a crowd of idle, curious people."

"On honor, no," said Gregory, holding out his hand.

Then Earle went on to find Mark and Patty.

Patty heard the news with a bewildered shake of her head.

"There's no counting on Doris," she said. "I thought she was playing with you. We shall see how it will turn out. I hope you will be happy."

"I'm sure they will," spoke up Mattie, and left the room.

"There's your mother to be consulted," said Mark.

"She will be ready for anything that makes me happy."

"And Doris is too young. She cannot be married for a year yet," said Mark, decidedly. "She must have time to know her mind and to settle herself. If it were Mattie now, I'd feel different. Mattie is two years older, and she has a steadier nature."

"But it's not Mattie, thank fortune, for Mattie is my right hand," spoke up Patty, sharply; for she had read a little of her own child's cherished secret.

Earle was so overjoyed to get the promise of Doris, that he counted the year of probation a day, and saw nothing of Gregory Leslie's incredulity, of Patty's hesitation, of the anxiety of Mark, or of Mattie's shy withdrawing. These young lovers are selfish, even the best of them.

Patty roused herself to do justice to the occasion. She set forth a table with her best damask and the few old pieces of family silver; she spread out the choicest of her culinary stores, and invited Gregory Leslie to dine, and Mattie crowned the board with flowers, and put on her best dress, while Doris played the young fiancee to sweet perfection.

Yet the keen eyes of the artist read not only Mattie's hidden pain, but Patty's sorrow and anxiety, and saw that Mark was not a rural father, joyful in a good match for his child, but a man in dire perplexity, uncertain what was right and wise for him to do.

"This girl and all her surroundings are a mystery," said the artist to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

It may seem a somewhat unimportant matter whether we discover the good points of those who are around us, and let them know that we mark them or not. Yet the influence that we exert upon our neighbors by our thoughts and words concerning them is greater than any of us imagine.

Bric-a-Brac.

THE HANDS.—It is a strange fact that the right hand, which is more sensible to the touch than the left, is less sensible than the latter to the effect of heat or cold.

RUSSIAN FAMILY.—When a Russian family moves from one house to another it is customary to rake all the fire from the hearth of the old domicile and carry it in a closed pot to the new residence.

SPOTS.—To "knock the spots out of anything" is an allusion to the traditional skill of Western cowboys and famous rifle shots, who would shoot the spots of a card held between the fingers of one of their sporting friends.

LIONS AND TIGERS.—Caged lions and tigers, pumas and jaguars take no notice of the men and women passing in front of them, but if a dog be brought anywhere near the cage, they show their savage nature at once.

THE RUBY.—The ruby in the centre of the Maltese cross on the top of the British crown is the stone that was given to the Black Prince by King Pedro of Castile after the battle of Najara. Henry V of England wore it in his helmet at the battle of Agincourt.

KNIVES.—There is in existence a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century, the blades of which have on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other side the grace after meat. The set of these knives usually consisted of four. They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather, and were placed before the singer.

THE MALDIVIAN ISLANDERS.—Maldivian Islanders eat alone. Before a meal they retire to the most secluded spot they can find and eat with drawn blinds or surrounded by a screen. The explanation of this precaution is more likely to be fear than modesty. In days gone by the savage no doubt concealed himself lest some man stronger than he should snatch the hard-earned food away.

POWER OF THE JAW.—A dentist has recently made experiments upon the force exerted by the human jaws in eating food, and all the greatest force which the jaws are capable of exerting. By means of a spring instrument provided with a registering device, he took records of about 150 "bites" of different persons. The smallest pressure recorded was thirty pounds, by a little girl seven years old. This was with the incisors. Using her molars, the same child exerted a force of sixty-five pounds.

BURIALS.—There is at least one country in the world where it costs nothing to die. In some of the cantons of Switzerland all the dead, rich as well as poor, are buried at the public expense. Coffins and all other necessary articles are furnished on application to certain undertakers designated by the government. Everything connected with the interment is absolutely gratuitous, including the grave and the religious service. All classes avail themselves freely of the law.

THE TOTAL.—At a public temperance meeting in Hector, N. Y., in 1828, was introduced into the pledge the letters "O. P.," for "old pledge," which pledged against distilled liquors, and "T.," for "total," including both distilled and fermented liquors. When names were being taken a young man in the gallery said: "Add my name and a "T.," for I am a T-totaler." Mr. Jewell adopted the word in speeches and writings. Some four years later an Englishman named Dick Turner, employed the word, and its origin has also been claimed for him.

THE AGE OF NIAGARA.—Now that they have harnessed the Falls of Niagara to all kinds of factories, a scientific gentleman has been calculating how long the river and famous sheet of water will last. There is, it seems, no cause for immediate anxiety. In the first place, he has found out that the River Niagara is only thirty-two thousand years old, and the Falls are a thousand years younger. Supposing, secondly, that the destructive action of the water goes on at its present rate, there is reason to fear that in another five thousand years the falls of Niagara will have ceased to exist. When someone objected to the proposed withdrawal of the water from the beautiful Falls of Foyers in Inverness shire, an ingenious person replied that the Falls would remain, only there would be no water. The reverse will be the case at Niagara. There will be plenty of water, but no rocks for it to fall over.

LILIES.

BY S. J.

Now summer brings her choicest gift
While yet earth's bloom is new and bright—
The tall Ascension lilies lift
Their heads, enwreathed with crowns of light.

The happy birds around them sing,
The fragrant breezes softly blow,
And insects bright on gauzy wing
Flit gaily o'er their cups of snow.

Though garden beds and lawns are gay
With leaf and blossom and perfume,
With circling wing and joyous lay,
Alone, alone the lilies bloom.

But in the still and holy night,
When stars look down with solemn eyes,
Their blossoms, bathed in cool'rest light,
Reflect the glory of the skies.

With moonbeams shimmering on the leaves,
And lighting up the pearly flowers,
O then my wandering fancy weaves
A dream of Eden's shadeless bowers!

AFTER LONG YEARS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S LOVERS," "AN ARCH IMPOSTOR," "HUSHED UP!" "A LOVER FROM OVER THE SEA," ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED)

MORDAUNT flushed angrily, but before he could speak, she went on, in a trembling voice: "Dead! That can't be; he came to see me a few days ago. When was it? And he was young and strong then, with his young bride by his side. But I mustn't speak of her!"

"What's she talking about?" said Mordaunt, impatiently, to the young girl.

She colored, and let fall the piece of needlework she held in her hand. "She's thinking of Mr. Wayre, sir," she said, dropping a nervous curtsey. "Nurse mistook the gentleman for Lord Wharton."

Mordaunt laughed contemptuously. "She's worse than ever," he said. "If she gets any madder we shall have to shut her up." And he walked away, leaving the old woman to murmur, incredulously, "Dead? Dead?"

By the time Mordaunt had reached home he was feeling worn out, and his father looked at him curiously as he entered the parlor.

"You've got back from this wild goose chase, Mordaunt?" he said.

Mordaunt dropped into a chair and wiped his face, and began to tell his father just what he had told to the village and Claire. Old Sapley knitted his heavy brows and regarded him keenly.

The change that had come over his son was not likely to escape Mr. Sapley's notice. From a mass of affectation and self-conceit Mordaunt had suddenly become transformed into a grave and serious man of action. His father was puzzled. How had the change been wrought?

"So you have discovered that this fellow Wayre has been fool enough to go off with the girl? I could have told you that, and saved you the trouble of tearing about the country. And why you should take that trouble puzzles me!" he added, his small eyes fixed piercingly on Mordaunt's face.

Mordaunt winced, but smiled with an affectation of cunning.

"Miss Sartoris was anxious to know the truth," he said. "I have just been up to the Court to tell her."

"Ah!" muttered old Sapley, as if he saw light. "It was done to please her? Quite right! You can't take too much trouble in that direction, Mordy."

Mordaunt drew a breath of relief. He feared his father's terrible keenness more than anything else.

"Miss Sartoris wishes the work at the Court to be stopped at once," he said, significantly.

Mr. Sapley nodded, with keen approval. "Is that so?" he said. "By George, Mordy, you seem to have woke up to some purpose! You've got some brains after all! You're on the right tack. Well, we've done with Mr. Gerald Wayre, for a time, at any rate; and I tell you what, Mordy, it's as well that he should be out of the way. I'm inclined to believe that you were right in being a little jealous of him. She was getting too thick with him. I hear that he dined at the Court the night before he left! And that she treated him like an equal. He was singing in the drawingroom and all that kind of thing. This business of old Hawker's girl has just come in time; it will teach her to be more careful, in future, how she hobnobs with strongers who come from nobody knows where. I expect he'll get a cool reception when he comes back!"

"He must not come back!" said Mordaunt, unguardedly. "The work is stopped. It must not be remembered; at all costs, Gerald Wayre must be kept away!"

His father looked at him penetratingly.

"Well, we shall see!" he said. "But don't you be afraid of Gerald Wayre, or anyone else. I've got a trump card up my sleeve!"

Mordaunt looked up as sharply as his condition would permit.

Old Sapley nodded and chuckled.

"Never you mind, Mordy!" he said, "you'll find out in good time. You'd better go to bed, for you look as if you'd been up for a week, instead of a night." And Mordaunt obeyed, again asking himself the purport of his father's hint.

He went to his room, threw himself upon the bed, with a groan of utter weariness and exhaustion. He tried to tell himself that all was well; that not only was his awful secret safe, but that he was taking long strides along the path which his father's suggestion, and his own recently awakened ambition, was opened up to him.

He tried to picture himself as the master of Court Regna; but when he fell asleep at last, he saw Lucy's white face, as it had appeared to him when he covered it with the sand, and the missing bundle floated threateningly through all the feverish dreams.

When he came down to breakfast the next morning, the old Mordaunt Sapley seemed to have been left still farther behind.

"All right after your night's rest?" asked his father.

"I am quite right," said Mordaunt, in his new tone.

Old Sapley regarded him keenly.

"In respect to this business of the building," he said. "I've been thinking it over, and I've come to the conclusion that it will be as well if I leave it as much to you as possible. You make arrangements with Lee—of course you won't pay him more than you can help—and have the place tidied up as well as they can do it. I'll hand over the business of the estate, too, to you. You'll have to see Miss Sartoris every day, you know."

He drew his huge mouth into a smile. "I daresay she'd rather do business with a good-looking young fellow, an Oxford man, and almost one of her own class, rather than with a crusty old fellow like me. Humor her, Mordy, my boy—humor her! Use every opportunity you get! You're the only young man she'll have about her now that fellow Wayre had gone, and—well, women are only women after all, however high their station. You were speaking to me about that bay hunter of Grimley's. You can leave it, Mordy, if you like—though it's a long price, and more than it's worth: but a woman likes to see a man well mounted."

Mordaunt thanked his father in quite a different fashion to that which he would have adopted a few days ago, and went down to the Court.

He found Lee hanging about disconsolately, and informed him of Miss Sartoris's desire that the work should be stopped. Lee offered no objection; indeed, he declared that without the missing plan, which, presumedly, Gerald had unwittingly taken with him, the work could not be continued.

"Mr. Wayre will be back presently, sir," he said, stoutly. "For, of course, the story of his having gone off with Lucy Hawker is all nonsense. Mr. Wayre isn't that sort of gentleman!" The young fellow threw back his head, and flushed hotly.

"He's just gone off for a holiday, as I advised him, and I'd stake my life that he has no more to do with this business than—than you have, Mr. Mordaunt."

Mordaunt winced and turned away suddenly.

The rubbish was cleaned away, and the half demolished wing was left standing in as good order as possible. Mr. Mordaunt went to the Court that day and had an interview with Miss Sartoris.

He was at the Court every day, in fact, taking the place of his father, and Claire got accustomed to seeing and consulting him instead of the elder Sapley.

Under his changed condition, Mordaunt's manner had become ingratiating, and almost pleasing. To Mrs. Lexton, for instance, he was particularly amiable, and she more than once remarked that Mr. Mordaunt Sapley was a singularly agreeable gentleman.

And bit by bit he wormed his way, after a fashion which delighted his father, into the good graces, not only of Claire, but of all at the Court. He seemed to have an eye for everything, and especially for anything that tended to increase Claire's comfort and convenience.

Insensibly she began, womanlike, to lean upon him as, certainly, she had never leant upon his father. There was no detail respecting the estate too minute for him, and, unlike his father, he appeared to share all Claire's sentiments towards the tenants.

It was he who suggested that a percentage should be remitted from their rents, and who pleaded for the retention of tenants who could not meet their liabilities.

His Oxford manner seemed to have dropped off him as the skin drops from a serpent, and he was now always grave and in earnest.

Scarcely a day passed without Claire's meeting him. Sometimes he took afternoon tea with her and Mrs. Lexton, and as he was always entertaining, Claire had almost overcome her dislike of him. It was true that to her he was just her man of business and nothing more; but he was pleasanter to deal with than his father, and she was glad of the exchange.

She was singularly placed. Shut up, because of her mourning, at the Court, Mordaunt Sapley was her only medium of intercourse with the outside world, and, still womanlike, she grew accustomed to him.

It never occurred to her that he should dare to dream of becoming anything closer than her man of business, and she was therefore all the more free and less constrained in her intercourse with him.

The days passed into weeks, while Mordaunt Sapley was making his insidious progress, and nothing was heard of Gerald Wayre. But for the half demolished wing and his haunting presence in Claire's own heart, he might never have existed!

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE Susan was a trim craft. Though she has been called a smack she was almost large enough to rank as a ketch, her hold was capacious, and it was evident to Gerald that when the fishing season was off, she was engaged in the coasting.

In addition to the captain and Gerald, she carried three men and a boy. Gerald saw at once that the captain whose name was Joslin, was a good seaman by the way in which he handled his vessel.

Like most of the west country folk, he was rather a reserved and self contained man, and at first, beyond a glance now and again at Gerald, he took no special notice of him.

The weather was fair, and the wind favorable, and after the Susan had got well started on her course there was nothing for Gerald to do.

He had done his share of the work quietly and without fuss, and when sails were all set, the deck tidied up as neatly as a man o' war's, he felt at liberty to seat himself on the combing and light a pipe.

It is scarcely necessary to say that all his thoughts were fixed on Claire. It is also scarcely necessary to say that not a single drop of bitterness tinged the current of those thoughts.

Some men would have felt extremely bitter at the curt way in which Claire had refused his offer. They would have mentally inveighed against the pride of wealth and station which could harden such a heart as even Claire Sartoris'; but Gerald was too generous and too much in love to entertain these feelings.

He was sick and sore with disappointment, and combined with his disappointment was a vague sense of surprise and bewilderment, but no bitterness.

Claire had seemed to him the last woman in the world to set so great a value on her wealth and position as to permit them to sway her actions where her heart was concerned.

Why had she—well, yes—encouraged him? for surely there had been more than common kindness in her voice and in her eyes as he spoke to her by the piano. Why had she not repulsed him at the moment and not waited till the morning to give him his dismissal with a single word?

He sighed and puffed vigorously as the question beat about his mind. It never occurred to him that she had seen his meeting with Lucy, and if it had, it would not have occurred to him that she could have been jealous.

When a man is quite innocent in his intentions, the idea that he could seem guilty in the eyes of others never suggests itself to him.

The only reason he could assign for her refusal of him was the all-sufficient one that she did not love him. There was sorrow enough in this thought for him, but there was no bitterness.

He would carry out his resolution: go back and finish the work, and then take himself off to those wilds in which the old familiar life of hardship and danger would help him to forget, or at least to overcome, his love for the mistress of Court Regna.

He and the captain dined together in the cabin. The captain, of course, saw that the young fellow who had volunteered as his mate was a gentleman, and in many little ways he made a kind of acknowledgment of the fact.

Over the pipe and glass of grog that almost invariably follow a skipper's meal he often dropped into conversation.

"Been long in these parts?" he asked, one evening.

"No," said Gerald, "not very long. You, I suppose, know them well?"

"Been there," said the captain, jerking his head in the direction of Regna.

Gerald remarked that it was a pretty place, and the captain opined emphatically that it was the best place on earth.

"But that's natural, seein' that I was born there. I suppose you saw Court Regna?"

Gerald answered in the affirmative, and though he felt it would be far wiser to avoid the subject if he meant to recover his peace of mind, he said—

"You know it well, of course?"

The captain nodded, and smoked thoughtfully for a moment or two.

"Yes," he said, "man and boy. Great changes there lately; I heard that the lord left all the property to the young lady as was livin' there?"

"This is so," said Gerald.

"He was a strange gentleman," remarked the captain, after another silence. "I was cabin boy, then first hand, and then mate, aboard his yacht."

"He kept a yacht?" said Gerald. "I had not heard that."

"That's a long while ago," said the captain. "He didn't keep her here at Regna; it's a bad coast for yachting, uncertain like, as you may say—one hour dine, the next howlin'. We used to put in at one of the safer ports farther down the coast. His lordship was a good sailor, and could handle the ship as neatly as any man in the Bristol Channel; and I never see him show the white feather—excepting once, and that was when we'd got the women aboard."

Gerald listened half absently.

"A party of yachting guests, I suppose?" he said.

The captain pushed his cap on to the back of his head, and stared at the floor, puffing musingly.

"No," he said, slowly, and as if he were struggling with his own natural reticence; "it warn't a party. Lord Wharton liked to be alone on a sea trip."

Something in the man's manner attracted Gerald's attention.

"What ladies were they, then?" he asked, rather to show his interest than from curiosity.

The captain still seemed to hesitate; but at last he said—

"Well, I'm not given to talking about my betters, but his lordship's dead, and it happened so long ago that it won't make much odds one way or t'other. It was this way. One day his lordship came aboard, just below here, with one of the women servants of the Court. I've heard tell that she'd been a long time in the Court service; one of the men, a Regna lad, said as how she was his lordship's nurse. I forget her name."

"Was it Burdon?" asked Gerald.

"That was it!" assented the captain. "You know her?"

"I have seen an old lady named Burdon at the Court," said Gerald.

"A very old woman, a bit gone in her mind?"

Gerald nodded.

"Yes, that's her," said the captain. "We sailed for a place called Lartree, on the Irish coast, and there his lordship and she both went ashore. We had orders to lie off in the bay and wait for his lordship. It was late at night, and dark at that, when I bein' watch, heard the captain's gig rowing towards the yacht. I got a lantern and held it so as to light the ship's ladder; and you may guess I was a bit took aback when I see two women in the boat instead of one."

He had refilled his glass, and being well launched on his narrative, went on more freely—

"His lordship and this Mrs. Burdon had brought a young lady with them. She was a pretty young thing, though she was pale and scared like, and looked as if she'd been crying. She smiled and thanked me

nicely as I helped her up the gangway. His lordship took her on his arm down to the cabin, and 'most directly afterwards we had orders to set sail."

"A romantic incident!" said Gerald, deeply interested. "Do you know who she was, or how it happened that she accompanied Lord Wharton to the yacht?"

The captain shook his head.

"Never knew from that day to this," he said. "His lordship was a sort of close and reserved kind of gentleman, and kept aloof from the crew. We'd just see him and the young lady walking on the deck in the fine weather; and he treated her—well, just as a man treats his sweetheart or his wife."

"His wife!" said Gerald. "But Lord Wharton was never married, was he?"

The captain shook his head sententiously. "Can't say," he said. "I've heerd as he never was. We went down to the Mediterranean with a fair wind, and his lordship, and Mrs. Burdon, and the young lady went ashore. The next day we had orders to go back to England, and we sailed without them."

"And you never saw the young lady again?" asked Gerald.

"No," said the captain. "I never see nor heard of her again. I don't know as I ever opened my mouth about the business afore this, and I don't know what made me talk about it now!" he added, as if half regretting his communicativeness.

"There is no harm done," said Gerald. "I shall not speak of it again."

The captain looked somewhat relieved. "Well, as I said, it happened a long while ago," he remarked; "and his lordship's dead and gone to answer for the business—if there was anything wrong in it!"

"You speak doubtfully," said Gerald.

"Well, you see," said the captain slowly. "The young lady didn't seem like a light o' love. One can generally tell. And here was a good face as well as a pretty one: besides, his lordship didn't treat her as a man treats a woman who's made a fool of herself for him."

"It is a strange story," said Gerald. "Do you think they know of it at Court Regna?"

"I don't know," said the captain; "but I feel pretty sure they don't. I've never heard anyone speak of it, and it's not unlikely that the men on board kept their counsel as I did mine. We knew, though his lordship never said a word, that he didn't want it spoken of, and we'd too good places to run the risk of losing them."

"If she was his wife, why didn't he take her to Court Regna?" asked Gerald.

"Can't say," said the captain, shrugging his shoulders, and rising, as if the subject were closed. "Better get on deck; I'm thinking we shall have a change o' weather."

There was so much of romance in the captain's story that it remained in Gerald's mind for several hours. It struck him as strange that even here, in the open sea, Court Regna and its affairs had followed him; and he was conscious of a sentiment approaching pity for the unknown girl who had entrusted her fate to Lord Wharton.

However, as the night came on he had little time for dwelling upon the strange story. The captain's prognostication was verified, the wind swung round, after the charming but somewhat risky fashion of the Bristol Channel, and the Susan was soon rolling in the trough of a heavy sea. Gerald and the rest of the crew were hard at work all night. The canvas had to be taken in, and The Susan was scudding with bare poles before a boisterous wind, which, before morning, grew into a perfect hurricane.

The storm and the labor it caused, came as a welcome relief to Gerald, and as he clung to the shrouds with the wind and the rain beating pitilessly upon him, he found it almost possible to forget even Claire in the stress and strain of the dangerous duties which he had undertaken, and which he performed as earnestly as any other member of the crew.

Towards morning the wind subsided, but was followed by a thick fog, which was still more dangerous. They had lost a topmast during the night, and the vessel had been badly strained, and Gerald, as he made his way along the drenched and slippery deck, to ask a question of the captain, saw, by the expression of the weather-beaten face, that the skipper was not particularly satisfied with the condition of affairs. He smiled grimly as Gerald approached him and clung to the taffrail.

"Not much of a pleasure trip, this!" he said. "I reckon you didn't calculate on so much weather and hard work when you came aboard, sir!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Gerald, pleasantly. "It's not the first bad weather I've seen, or the first hard work. One must take it as it comes. Where are we?"

"Don't know, exactly," said the captain, with a composure which struck Gerald as grimly humorous.

"Off the coast of Ireland, I fancy. We shall see when this pea soup lifts." And he nodded at that sailor's bete noir, the yellow fog. "Wherever we are, I shall have to put it to port for repairs."

"I am sorry, for your sake," said Gerald; "but it doesn't matter so far as I am concerned. I am only out on a holiday."

Towards noon the fog lifted, and they made for one of the small bays on the southeast coast of Ireland. The captain knew the place, and informed Gerald that as the necessary repairs would take some days, he was free to spend them on land, remarking, "You bargained for a fair sail to France, not for floundering about the Irish coast. Take a week off, and if I can't get a man to take your place—or if you've a mind to go on with us—why, join at the end of that time."

Gerald accepted the offer but would not go ashore until the vessel had been made as trim and ship-shape as possible and he and the captain parted on most satisfactory terms.

"Here's your pay up to date, and as you've earned it like a man I reckon you won't be too proud to take it."

Gerald accepted the money, frankly admitting that he needed it, and having shaken the captain by the hand, went ashore. As he walked through the little village which stood on the edge of the small bay, he asked himself what he should do next, whether, after all, he had acted wisely in leaving Regna, and whether it would not be better for him to end his engagement with the captain and go straight back to his work at the Court? But, in simple truth, he shrank, with soreness of heart, from seeing Claire yet awhile.

The country behind the village was rough in the extreme, but rich in that beauty which is characteristic of Irish scenery. The hills that rose from the sea were thickly covered with pines, which made the air fragrant with terebene, as Gerald entered one of the woods.

After walking for some time amidst the straight stems which rose like the columns of some stately cathedral, he came upon a wooden hut. Its solitude and the scenery by which it was surrounded reminded him of some of his backwoods experiences.

"I wonder if I have forgot how to use an axe?" he asked himself, with a smile, as he went up to the door of the hut. The woodman came out in answer to his summons, and Gerald stated his case frankly. The woodman, a sturdy young fellow, eyed Gerald pleasantly enough.

"You might get lodgings in the village," he said: "or you can stay here, if you like, shure; if it's not too tough for yer."

It was just what Gerald wanted. With true Irish hospitality the young fellow prepared a meal at once. It consisted of the simplest fare, but the woodman did the honors with the rough grace and courtesy characteristic of his countrymen.

Gerald felt as if he were, indeed, in the backwoods again as he sat on a felled tree and talked with his host, while they smoked their pipes and sipped their tea.

He slept soundly that night on a bed made of fir fibre covered with a rough rug, the fragrance of the couch fully compensating for any lack of softness. When he awoke in the morning his host had already gone off to work, and Gerald set about getting the breakfast.

He felt as he was thus engaged that, if he had never met Claire Sartoris, he could have spent many a happy month in his delightful place. After breakfast he offered to help the young fellow with his work, and the man looked somewhat surprised.

"Shure, I thought ye were a gintleman!" he said.

Gerald laughed. "The oldest gentleman of all was a gardener," he said. "I know how to use an axe—if I've not forgotten it, and perhaps you'll give me a hint or two."

He worked with Terence, the woodman, as honestly as he had worked on board The Susan, and on the second day, as they sat at their evening meal, Terence remarked that it was a pity Gerald should ever leave the forest.

On the evening of the fourth day they were engaged in felling a particularly large fir. They had cut through half of the trunk when Gerald noticed that the guard rope, as it is called, had slipped below the place at which they had tied it. He pointed this out to Terence, and climbed the tree to replace the rope in its proper position.

He was fastening the last knot when the woodman uttered a cry of warning. Gerald looked down to see what was the matter, and at the same moment felt the tree giving under him, and, before he could drop from his elevated position, the tall trunk fell with a crash to the ground.

He was thrown some distance by the impetus, but thinking nothing was amiss, attempted to rise. As he did so a sharp pain shot through his leg, and he fell to the ground.

He knew in a moment what had happened, and when the woodman sprang to his side, he said quietly—

"I've broken my leg."

Terence said nothing, but lugged Gerald up on to his back and carried him to the hut.

"It's broken, sure enough!" he said.

Gerald smiled mirthlessly. "I know—a broken leg—when I feel it," he said, with an attempt at cheerfulness. "Can you set it?"

The woodman shook his head. "By good luck there's a doother in the village," he said. "You kape quiet and I'll fetch him."

"I shall keep quiet enough, without a doubt," said Gerald, with a rueful laugh.

The woodman made him as comfortable as possible, and then started for the doctor. While he was gone, Gerald took a sheet of notepaper and envelope from his pocket-book and wrote a letter to Mr. Sapley, informing him of his accident, and promising to return immediately he was able to do so.

Terence returned with the doctor, the limb was set, and Gerald, half-unconscious with pain as he was had still intelligence enough remaining to beg the doctor to post the letter, and also to inform the captain of The Susan that he would be unable to sail with him.

Then he quietly and unostentatiously fainted.

Now, it happened that Gerald's pencilled note was delivered during Mr. Sapley's absence from home. Mordaunt opened it, and as he read it a thrill of satisfaction ran through him. That Fate should be playing his hands in this extraordinary way, seemed to him an augury of his future success.

He looked the door and paced up and down for some time with the note in his hand, then he tore it into small fragments, and, seating himself at the table, wrote the following answer:—

"Dear sir,—I am extremely sorry to hear of the accident which has befallen you, and I trust that it will have no very serious consequences. Owing to unforeseen circumstances Miss Sartoris has decided to discontinue the rebuilding of the wing at the Court. Lee, the builder, has been arranged with, and I beg to enclose a cheque, which I trust you will consider sufficient compensation for the work you have done."

He signed this with his father's name, and appended his father's signature to the check, and as he posted this letter with his own hand, felt as grateful to Providence as if he were the most upright and deserving of men.

Gerald Wayre completely out of his way, his path was clear!

CHAPTER XIX.

HAVING sent his letter and check, Mordaunt Sapley waited for a reply, which he knew would come. He counted upon Gerald's pride to play into his hands, and it is needless to say that he did not rely upon it in vain.

In a few days there came a short note from Gerald, saying that he regretted that Miss Sartoris had decided to discontinue the rebuilding, but that he had only to acquiesce in her decision. And he begged permission to return the check.

Mordaunt Sapley smiled as he burned both letter and check; Gerald had indeed played into his hands, for the pride that prompted the return of the draft would, Mordaunt felt sure, prevent Gerald's return.

His sudden departure puzzled Mordaunt a little; for, notwithstanding his explanation, he was conscious of a feeling that the desire for a holiday did not altogether and satisfactorily account for Gerald's flight. And Gerald had been so engrossed and evidently delighted with his work. Why had he gone?

As he could not answer the question, Mordaunt put it aside. He did not tell his father that he had heard from Gerald, and old Sapley and the rest of Regna became fully convinced that he had gone off with Lucy, as the days passed into weeks and the weeks into months without any tidings of the absent pair reaching Regna.

Claire, as a rule, avoided the old wing but now and again she walked that way, and looked at it—as a woman looks at some inanimate object associated with the great and secret sorrow of her life.

She recalled Gerald's face, his voice, the reverential and veiled tenderness of his eyes when they rested upon her. She lived over again that day when he had stood near the falling wall, and she had sprung forward to warn and rescue him. His stern words—hiding his anxiety on her account—rang in her ears. Like a canker in the heart of the rose, her love—her blighted love for him—was eating into her life.

She grew paler and thinner; and Mrs. Lexton, who noticed the alteration in her, insisted upon her taking some change. They went up to London, and plunged into the mild course of dissipation permitted to ladies.

But Claire never entered a concert-room or theatre without looking round, half fearing, half hoping, to see the stalwart form and handsome face, which were rarely out of her mind.

Though they did not go into "society," in the accepted sense of the word, some friends and connections of the family made Claire's acquaintance, and made haste to welcome the young girl, who was only lovely and charming, but the mistress of Court Regna and a large fortune.

"You must come up for the next season—you must indeed, my dear!" said one of these, a certain Lady Redmayne, an old lady, who was generally recognised as one of that little band called leaders of fashion. "You would make a great success, I am certain."

Claire smiled, in the pensive, preoccupied way, which had become habitual to her now.

"I don't know that I particularly want to be a success," she said.

Lady Redmayne eyed her shrewdly.

"Every healthy-minded man or woman wants to be a success, my dear," she remarked, with good natured cynicism. "It is what we live for; we women, especially. You have been buried too long in that country place of yours. There is nothing so bad for the nerves and spirits as a long spell of the country; it is always your rustic who is melancholy and nervous. Too much quiet is bad for the body and the brain. You laugh."

Claire had only smiled.

"Very well. But I am quite right. Take yourself, for instance. Look at that woman in the peacock-blue bonnet. That is Lady Mary Grantford. How old do you think she is? Looks like a girl, doesn't she? Did you hear her laugh? My dear, she is as old as I am; we were at school together. And it isn't only the poudre de riz and beautiful wig, and her eyebrow pencil, that keep her young—it is the bustle and stir of life. She hasn't had time to get old. And she will keep like that until one day she will wake up and find it is time to die."

"What an awful picture!" said Claire, with a faint shudder.

"Awful; yes. But I doubt whether it is much worse than yours," said Lady Redmayne. "Here are you, who have never had a trouble in your life——"

Claire's lips came together, and she winced.

"Who are rolling in money, have one of the best of homes, who might become a power in the world, and—and—no, not and, but continue—by marrying a coronet; but 'instead of which,' as the magistrate said, here you are, as listless and uninterested, as to 'outside' things as if you were that poor girl wheeling that perambulator."

"Perhaps she is happy enough—content," said Claire.

They were driving through Kensington Gardens, and the warmth of the winter's sun had brought out the nursemaids.

"Not she!" said Lady Redmayne, with the coolness of the aristocrat. "How could a person of that class be content? But your case is different. My dear, take the advice of a woman who, having an absurd prejudice against powder and paint, must consider herself old, and live. I quite tremble when I think of what you are drifting into!"

"What is that—an old maid?" said Claire.

"No, my child, you are too young for such an awful fate as that to be thought of for the present; but into something almost as bad and hopeless—the melancholy young person, who wears a black merino dress, and goes round 'slumming,' and visiting the poor, with a basket and a bundle of tracts."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SUMMER HOUR.

BY A. G. T.

Little lazy clouds are drifting
Slow across the summer sky;
Golden sands are softly shifting
'Neath the wavelets gurgling by.
Leaves above are interlacing,
One pale sunbeam flit'ring thro',
Falls upon your shining tresses,
Matching them in golden hue.

Tender echoes slow are dying
Down the cloisters of the wood;
Happy, mystic spells are lying
'Round us now; dim shadows brood
As I watch you low and lower
Droop the curtains of your eyes:
O'er your cheeks, but half-averted,
Flit soft, fluctuating dyes.

Flowers and grasses lowly bending
'Neath their weight of shimmering dew,
On the slumb'rous air are sending
Incense sweet; across the blue
High above, the stars come trooping
Ere the last pale sunbeams die;
'Round the fragrant, silent woodland,
Veils of starlight dimly lie.

Silence holds us; low and tender
Comes the soft song of the stream.
My rapt senses all surrender
To a sweet, delightful dream.
Both our hearts, love, beat together;
Is there need one word to say?
Your sweet eyes have told me something
Blissful to my heart for aye!

Unanswered.

BY G. L. B.

THE event I am about to record happened on the twenty-fifth of December, 18—. It is my wish to narrate it simply. I noted the facts down at the time, and in chronicling them I allow myself no exaggeration.

Nor do I pose as a believer in the supernatural, being by nature practical. A man of different temperament might find pleasure in dwelling on so important an incident in his life; with me it is otherwise.

My time is fully occupied, I have little leisure for thought, nor am I of a nature to take delight in such researches as are pursued by the Psychical Society. The theory of the dual consciousness has no attraction for me; idealistic philosophy is not in my line; I am not concerned about transcendental self.

Briefly, I lay no claim to any higher aspirations than to increase my practice (it is already considerable), to do my duty by my patients, and to provide somewhat more lavishly for my wife and children.

I am pre-eminently a family man; I believe in the sacredness of the marriage tie, and in the responsibilities of parents. In point of fact, I am a fair type of a modern Englishman in that respect, whatever neurotic novels may say to the contrary.

My wife, who is at the present moment sitting opposite me, busily stitching at some dainty garment for one of the youngsters, is beautiful in my eyes still, but I hesitate to say how others may view her.

At the time I married her, however, no man in his senses would have ventured to dispute her charms; they were undeniable. It pleases me at this moment to relate how, when and why I came to woo her. I offer no explanation; a subtler brain may supply one, as is more probable, my recital may be met with derision. Still, facts remain; they can neither be explained away, nor can they be set aside by simple, barefaced contradiction.

For my want of literary style I do not apologize. I am but a plain medical practitioner; I can diagnose a case as well as most men; if I do so unsatisfactorily I submit to criticism, but I am no storyteller. Yet it pleases me to unburden my mind; though none, I take it, are compelled to read, should the process fail to interest them, or the manner of it grate on their fastidious taste.

Having little capital at my command, and small spirit for speculation, I did not commence my career by buying a practice in a populous neighborhood; on the contrary, I elected to settle down in a small country town, which we will call, for present purposes, Hamsworth.

There were but two doctors in the place; one was a homœopath, the other an allopath. From the former I flattered myself I had little to fear, the latter was growing old, and had an extensive practice, since there was no rival in the field.

Two years before a certain Paul Rattray had also practised in the town, so I was told; but his skill was small and his habits unsteady; he had made a moonlight flitting, leaving nothing behind him but a bad reputation and many debts.

I inquired where he had lived; oddly enough the house was at that moment to let. I went over it at once, and after a few hours' consideration took it, finding the rent within my means. I never had cause to regret the step.

To sit down and wait for patients is not inspiriting; this I found, to my cost, but I was by temperament optimistic, and I made the time pass by dint of constant occupation.

It was not often that I was low-spirited, or meditated on my loneliness; but the twenty-fourth of December found me, I must confess, somewhat blue. I sat hovering over the fire, succeeding in warming my feet, but feeling an unpleasant draught at my back. The weather was exceptionally cold, I was unconsciously tired; I rose with sudden resolution, and went upstairs to bed.

I had visited all my patients that day; they were six in number; I had no right to be either mentally or physically exhausted. If I had been asked what I most desired at that particular moment I think I should have said an epidemic; yet I was a merciful man, and fond, in a mild way, of my fellow creatures.

I slept soundly until two in the morning, when I found myself sitting upright, listening intently. Some one was calling through the speaking tube. I sprang out of bed and listened. At first I could not catch the words.

"Say it again," I shouted.

The sentence was repeated slowly and distinctly:

"Come at once, she is dying."

No address was given, the omission did not make any impression upon me. For this I cannot in any way account. I was neither agitated nor excited. I dressed rapidly, hurried downstairs, closed the street door behind me and looked around. The wind was piercingly cold; I shivered. The night was clear and starlit. In the full glare of my red lamp stood a woman.

She was of medium height, and her figure, a singularly graceful one, was enveloped in a fur-lined cloak, the hood of which covered her head. She glanced over her shoulder; her face was white as death, her eyes gleamed, though the lids were swollen from weeping. I could see her so distinctly that I even observed a scar on the left temple.

Soft curls of brown hair lay on her forehead. I was a doctor, eager for a new case; but I was human, her beauty attracted me irresistibly. I advanced and would have spoken to her; she did not appear to be aware of my presence, but ran on swiftly, and I followed.

It was all I could do to keep her in sight, so rapid was her pace; the wind blew fiercely, making progress difficult. The way was long; we left the town behind us and crossed a barren common, never slackening our speed. I was not sorry when she paused at the door, of a lonely cottage, the walk had not been too pleasant.

I passed my hand over my stinging eyes; the gesture was rapid and mechanical, occupying, so it appeared to me, but a fraction of a second, yet my guide had disappeared. I was alone. I shook myself as though I had slept, and would cast off a strange dream, but was sufficiently wide awake withal, and not over pleased at my position.

However, it was incumbent on me to enter the house to which I had been so urgently summoned. A light was burning in an upper window, presumably that of the apartment occupied by my future patient. I knocked, but no one answered me.

Then, I found to my surprise that the door was on the latch. Without giving myself time for consideration, acting, as had been the case throughout, on impulse, in a way foreign to my character, I walked upstairs and stood outside the door of the room wherein I had seen the light burning.

I cannot in any way account for that or for my subsequent conduct; I set it down as it occurred. I stood and listened. For a few moments the silence was complete. Presently I heard words already familiar to me.

"Come at once, she is dying."

They were followed by others, uttered in heartrending tones: "No, no, he will not come!"

I entered the room unhesitatingly; it was small and barely furnished, but in perfect order, and not without traces of refinement. On the narrow bed lay a girl; her face was turned towards me, her eager eyes interrogated mine.

I recognised her at once; the features were sufficiently remarkable to have impressed themselves on my memory; the scar on the left temple was not required to strengthen my conviction; it was already sufficiently strong.

I stood and gazed down upon her, utterly at a loss to understand the situation; her cheeks were flushed, her breath came short and quick; she wore a nightdress frilled at the throat and wrists.

I glanced round the room, but saw no trace of the fur-lined cloak in which she had been wrapped so recently. Had it been there the mystery would have been equally insoluble, as sufficient time to effect a change of attire, however rapid, had not elapsed.

As I bent over her, she raised herself, laid her hand on my shoulder, and said in reproachful accents.

"You are too late, she is dead! Look at her eyes how they stare at you; look at her stiff lips, they are speaking to you now. 'You might have saved me,' they say, but you would not come; you could sleep while a fellow creature was in agony. God forgive you. I never can."

She pointed with her finger to a farther corner of the room, but I saw nothing. I knew that she was delirious, yet her words affected me strangely.

With the instinct of my profession I endeavored to detach my attention from all that was extraneous, and to concentrate it on my patient.

I found her to be suffering from pleurisy; the case was undoubtedly a serious one. I rang the bell without receiving any answer. I then took upon myself to make a room-to-room visitation throughout the house.

Owing to its limited size this task was soon completed, and it became evident to me that, strange as it might seem, my patient and I were its sole occupants.

There was some wood in the grate, I lit a fire as quickly as I was able; the room was very cold and I felt that it was important to raise the temperature at once.

Then I sat down and waited patiently for a few moments, turning over in my mind what I had best do next. I had not much time for consideration.

Before long the door was opened gently, and an elderly lady, wearing a bonnet and shawl, appeared on the scene. She showed a surprise that was not unwarrantable at my presence.

"Dr. Haviland, I believe," she said.

I bowed assent.

The words that followed took the form of a question.

"How did you know of my niece's illness?"

I was puzzled. To say that the invalid herself had fetched me was to arouse in my interrogator's mind the suspicion that I was insane; therefore, I made an intentionally incoherent reply.

She was excited and anxious, it was on this account, I presume, that she allowed it to pass. I ascertained that her niece had been ailing for a few days, and had gone to bed at eight o'clock. At one, Mrs. Morris, who slept in an adjoining room, had been alarmed by hearing her speak in an excited tone.

Being unused to illness, and evidently not particularly strong-minded, she had, discovering her condition, at once run distractedly for Dr. Field, the elderly practitioner already alluded to, but had not found him at home. She had hesitated whether to fetch me, but fearing what might happen in her absence had returned at once.

On inquiring whether Dr. Field was their regular medical attendant, she informed me that neither she nor her niece troubled doctors much, and I observed a certain shortness in her manner which discouraged further inquiries. Nor was I, for my own part, desirous of making any, my only object being to avoid transgressing professional etiquette.

I endeavored while giving my orders to Mrs. Morris to quiet some of her alarms, although I could not reconcile it with my conscience to hide from her that this was a serious case, which would call forth all the skill of the nurse as well as that of the doctor.

Others of my profession have more faith in trained nurses than I, or maybe less faith in the services prompted by a loving heart, which can make clumsy fingers expert and dainty. A few words with Mrs. Morris convinced me that she was devoted to her niece.

I looked into her troubled eyes, I watched the tremulous mouth settle into firmness, and I decided in my own mind that she would be able to attend to her satisfactorily. The sequel proved that I was not mistaken.

She and I, God helping us, fought a hard battle with death; sometimes his grim arms seemed about to close around the fair girl who lay so patiently, too weak to speak, but always ready to smile on us in grateful acknowledgment of our slightest services; sometimes our hearts sank within us.

But at last the glad day came when I could pronounce her out of danger, and I think I shall never forget how I felt. I feared lest my joy should be too apparent, I dreaded lest the story of my love should be written on my face so plainly that all who ran might read. For I was but a matter-of-fact man, and it appeared to me absurd that I should have parted with my heart so readily.

Nay, I even struggled against fate, feebly and spasmodically, until the time came when it was no longer possible. I told myself that I was in no position to marry, least of all to marry Mary Morris, who had not a penny in the world, for I had ascertained that she was a daily governess, earning the miserable pittance conferred on educated labor.

But a spell seemed to be cast over me, I was as one enthralled; as blindly as I was led on the morning of the twenty-fifth, was I led now. I was hopelessly in love with a woman who was in so sore a bodily strait as to be hardly aware of my presence.

When she was fully conscious, when we two conversed together, I accepted the fact without demur; I realized that the hand of fate is too powerful for man to cast aside. It happened on the twentieth of January. We were alone together; Mary sat in an easy chair, and I had held her slender wrist a little longer than was absolutely necessary for professional purposes.

She was moved that afternoon to speak gratefully to me, making more of my poor services than I thought fit, though it was pleasant enough to listen to her praises. The light was waning, the firelight fell on her face, casting a red glow as my lamp had done on that eventful evening.

A longing to question her seized upon me, but I felt that I must wait a little longer. I feared to try her strength. We were silent for a short space, presently she spoke.

"I shall always be grateful to you for attending me," she said gently, "but you have never explained how it happened. And you know, Dr. Haviland, you are about the last doctor in the world my aunt or I should have sent for, since you are Dr. Rattray's successor."

"But what of Dr. Rattray?"

"If you had asked me a month ago I should have told you that I hated him," she replied: "but I have been so close to death that I cannot say it now. I hate none."

"How did Dr. Rattray offend you?" I asked, for I dreaded further questioning, and I felt that it might be averted by carrying the war into the enemy's camp.

She pushed her hair from her forehead, a gesture with which I was now familiar.

"I loved my mother very dearly," she said, "she was all in all to me. I think I would have given my life for her; but her health was frail. When we came here as utter strangers, I, in my ignorance, called in Dr. Rattray. On Christmas Eve, two years ago, my mother was seized with a sudden attack of syncope.

"She and I lived alone, as my aunt and I live now. I had no neighbor whose aid I could seek. The weather was intensely cold. I took a fur-lined cloak of my mother's, threw the hood over my head, and ran for the doctor. I spoke to him through the tube."

She paused; her eyes were moist, her lips trembled, yet I could not keep silence. I was too anxious for information.

"What did you say?" I asked breathlessly. Yet I knew without asking. The words had recurred to me over and over again since Christmas Eve.

She clasped her hands together; her lips were set firm, but her answer came at once.

"When I blew down the tube," she said, "he asked me who was there. After I had told him, I said, 'Come at once; she is dying.' He promised me he would, but he never came; he fell asleep again, and my mother died for want of medical attention."

The flush had faded out of her cheeks; with a woman's tact she strove to master her emotion, feeling, doubtless, that the position was a strained one for me.

"Dr. Rattray was a disgrace to his profession," she continued: "he did not care whether his patients lived or died, so long as he could drink his fill. I shall never forgive myself for having chosen him as medical attendant for my dear mother. But," she added more lightly, "you have not told me how it is I had the good for-

tune to secure your services. My aunt herself is puzzled. She tells me you arrived in her absence. She went for Dr. Field, you know."

I strove to answer, but in vain; words failed me, my embarrassment could not be concealed.

"Tell me!" she said gently, leaning forward with her hands lightly clasped together, and her face upturned.

I did so, plainly and straightforwardly, keeping nothing back. After I had spoken a hush fell upon us both. The weirdness of the incident I recorded could not be ignored by the most practical of minds.

"I do not understand," she said slowly

"And I have no explanation to offer," I replied.

The situation is the same now as then. It is Christmas Eve, and my wife and I sit together by our own fireside. We still inhabit the house once tenanted by Paul Rattray. Night after night messages reach me through the speaking tube, sometimes more persistently than I could wish, but they are of a prosaic order. For that which came to me on the morning of December 25th, 18—, I have no explanation to offer. I do not understand.

IN OLD TIMES.

A FEW words perchance may not be uninteresting respecting domestic arrangements during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Carpets were still unknown luxuries, but the fashion of strewing the apartments with rushes was being gradually abandoned.

Rushes were still used in the retainers' hall, but for the better rooms sweet-scented herbs and fragrant twigs were usually employed.

In the fourteenth century windows were apertures filled with glass so as to admit light but to exclude wind.

The walls were frequently hung with cloth or tapestry to protect the inmates of the room from the many currents of air that penetrated the strong but poorly-built walls.

We learn from various ancient documents that it was the duty of the serving men and pages to sweep out the principal apartments, but as the use of water is rarely mentioned, damp and fragrant leaves and twigs must have aided not only in collecting the dust, but also towards refreshing the atmosphere in such constantly closed rooms, fresh air being only admitted through the doors opening on to the battlements or balconies.

From old inventories at Thurleigh and elsewhere, we ascertain how sumptuously furnished were these ancient mansions, although they seem to have been abundantly supplied with fancy flagons, and drinking cups in gold, silver and finely engraved pewter, besides an infinite number of black-jacks or cups made of leather.

The plates and dishes for daily use were generally of pewter, but there were services of silver for festal occasions. Very noticeable are the enormous silver dishes for barons of beef and haunches of venison.

Peacocks, swans and capons were standard dishes, and the ponds on every large estate supplied the fresh fish that were served on Fridays and other fast days.

According to modern ideas the supply of vegetables appears very limited; mushrooms, however, sweet herbs, and various species of kale are those most frequently mentioned.

Fruit also appears to have been abundant, while the allowance of strong ale was most liberal, three quarts a day being no uncommon quantity even for maidens.

Among household items bread and ale seemed of daily consumption, but canary, which was probably what we call sherry, was a festive wine, and rarely used.

As time went on, so comfort and luxury increased; thus we learn from an old inventory made on occasion of the marriage of John Hervey with Lady Sarah Gore, which marriage took place in the Temple Church and at which the King and Queen and all the court were present, that much of their house in Bedfordshire was refurnished in honor of the event, that the dining room was adorned with "grand tapestries," that the walls of the Ladye's flower room were hung with "fine Spanish leather," that the draperies for the windows were of rich blue brocaded satin, that the bed in the adjoining room had curtains of the same material, "richly trimmed with fringe and tawrels," and that it was supplied with thirteen pairs of flaxen sheets, two pairs of pillow-cases, with also twenty fine Holland towels, besides one dozen of coarser towels.

But little book learning was deemed necessary in these early centuries. In almost every family of gentle blood, one son was dedicated to the church, and he was early sent to the community to which he was to belong; the other boys were educated in the tilt-yard to become dexterous with the sword and lance.

Still as early as 1382 there were grammar schools in some of the large towns, for instance one in Nottingham, where the price per term for each pupil was eight pence, but such schools were more to the advantage of the town folks than for the children of the county families.

And the education so obtained was of the scantiest, only "the alphabet and the humanities being taught," and very inhumanly taught also, for the authorities and rulers were forever impressing upon the teachers the necessity of "not sparing the rod."

The poor boys therefore were beaten, cuffed and starved until some small smattering of learning had been forced into them.

With what tears, with what bruised and aching bodies most of these luckless lads have attained the alphabet and the humanities.

But even this scanty amount of education was not deemed necessary for the daughters of the house. Many hours of their days were devoted to distilling healing waters and perfumes, and to the "confection of conserves."

Many more were given to spinning, to the making of tapestry and to embroidering church or priestly vestments.

In most great houses poor young female relatives were received for years that they might learn these gentle arts. All ties of blood were considered of great importance, entailing many obligations, and for centuries the patriarchal duties of kinship were maintained intact.

As a rule the days passed in one simple and unvaried routine, unless on those rare occasions when the ladies were permitted to indulge in the noble sport of hawking or falconry.

Only at distant intervals did news of the outer world reach many of the remote country dwellings and castles, and not unfrequently those who had adopted monastic life were better versed in worldly matters than those ladies who remained at home.

EMERY.—Co-operators may be pleased to know that among the few trades of the world in the hands of the laborers is that of the emery quarrymen. Emery comes from the island of Naxor in the Eastern Mediterranean, whence it has been exported for the last two centuries and more. The beds are in the northeast of the island, the deposit extending into some of the neighboring islands, the emery being found in lenticular masses resting on layers of schist in limestone almost identical with Parian marble, the finest marble known, which comes from the island of Paros close by.

There are about three hundred men engaged in the trade, all of whom have to be married before they are admitted to the fraternity.

The material is much too hard to be dug out or even blasted. Great fires are lighted round the blocks till the natural cracks expand with the heat, and levers are then inserted to pry them apart.

This system is continued until the blocks are reduced in size to masses of a foot cube or less, and they are then shipped as if they were coals. There are said to be twenty million tons yet available at Naxos, and last year's export was 3950 tons.

Emery is essentially alumina of a bluish color, but is often impure, and varies in hardness with the iron and silica it contains.

It is one of the hardest substances yet known, coming next to the diamond, and among its crystalline forms known to the jewellers are the ruby and the sapphire.

When prepared for use in this country it is broken into small lumps, crushed with stampers, sifted and elutriated in running water, so as to separate it by deposit into different degrees of fineness.

When compressed into wheels it is very largely used by engineers for smoothing and polishing iron castings; it is also used for cutting and polishing stone, and grinding glass stoppers into bottles.

Plate glass manufacturers grind down their sheets with it, and it is familiar in the household in the form of emery cloth.

STREET CARS.—In respect to its street car service, Washington is now the most interesting city in the world. Its long, wide streets, and the enormous area covered by the city and its suburbs, afforded an unequalled field for street railway engineers, and the engineers and electricians are making the most of the opportunity. Including the horse cars, five methods of traction are now in use at Washington.

On Pennsylvania Avenue and on others of the more important thoroughfares all the cars are worked by underground cables. The City Commissioners will not tolerate the unsightly overhead electric wires which are necessary where the trolley plan of electric traction is in use.

In the suburbs this plan is in use to some extent; but the poles are of iron, light and artistically designed, so as to save the disfigurement of the avenues.

The suburban lines which run into the city are worked either by electricity carried in underground ducts, or by storage batteries carried in the cars.

The fact that the commissioners would not tolerate the trolley plan within the city limits has done much to encourage the perfecting of other systems of electric traction.

One by one the old-fashioned horse-car lines are being superseded either by the cable or by electricity, and in a year or two the horse will have entirely disappeared from the street-car service in Washington.

As is well known, Washington is a city of immense distances; but since the street-car service became so highly developed, there is no city in which travel by conveyances using the streets is cheaper.

Transfer tickets are given from one line to another, making it possible to travel ten or fifteen miles for a five-cent fare.

ELECTRICITY IN THE UNITED STATES.—All over the United States the mountain streams which are unnavigable are now being utilized for generating electricity. Many towns situated on those rivers are in this way admirably served by the streams.

The city which, so far, has been most enterprising in availing itself of an immense water power at its doors is Great Falls, Montana. There electric power does all the mechanical work.

It propels, lights, and heats the tramcars; furnishes power for the passenger-lifts in the high buildings, and for the printing presses and the trams. It is also used for excavating, pumping, and rock crushing.

It is even applied to the mortar mills used by builders. The restaurants cook by electricity; the butchers employ it to chop their sausages, and the grocers to grind their coffee.

Housewives run their sewing-machines and heat their flat-irons by electricity, and bake cakes in wooden electric cake ovens that can be set on the shelf like pasteboard boxes. Electric boilers, grills, and tea-kettles are also in common use.

For four or five months past electricity has now been used for propelling long, heavy passenger trains through tunnels on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, and just before the winter weather closed the navigation on the Erie Canal, successful experiments were made in the propulsion of canal barges by electricity, much in the same way as tramcars have been propelled by the trolley system for some five or six years past.

A TAME BUTTERFLY.—We have heard of tame flies and performing midges, but the following authentic story of a tame butterfly, told by a French lady, has novel elements in it:

"I found in my garden a magnificent butterfly, quite numb with cold. Taking it into the house and putting it into a box for two hours revived the little thing. Then I dipped its antennæ in a solution of syrup and sugar, and continued this treatment for three days.

"On the fourth day the creature fluttered on to my hand and sucked the liquor of its own accord, and after this it became perfectly tame. I put flowers into my room, and it fed on them, and was perfectly happy. When it sat on the table I could pass my finger down its back without the slightest fear the butterfly might take to wing.

"In fact, it arched its back as does a cat when it is pleased. After three weeks of perfect tameness its colors faded, its wings shrivelled up, and it died."

What next, one wonders? A butterfly arching its back when stroked by a human hand is surely a phenomenon that seems to give promise of all kinds of possibilities. Scientists and variety artists take note.

WITTY sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed, which even when dropped by chance, springs up into flower.

Scientific and Useful.

A VACUUM.—A perfect vacuum is a perfect insulator. It is possible to exhaust a tube so perfectly that no electric machine can send a spark through the vacuous space, even when the space is only one centimetre.

RUNAWAYS.—A device for freeing a runaway horse from the vehicle has been invented by a New England man. By moving a lever the shafts are released from the vehicle, and the vehicle can be guided by the same lever until it stops.

HINTS.—Gnat bites and stings may be relieved by wetting the place and dabbing a crystal of washing soda on it two or three times. The yellow stain made by the oil for sewing-machines can be removed if, before washing in soapsuds, the spot is rubbed carefully with a bit of cloth wet with ammonia.

FISHING.—To fish, also! with a great many men is synonymous with to sleep. There has now been invented a fishing apparatus in which the line is mounted on the end of a spring. In the event of a fish swallowing the bait an electric current is closed and the ringing of a bell brings the slumbering angler to his senses.

DRIVEN BY GAS.—Gas engines are being used in Dresden to propel street cars. They are of nine-horse power, and are placed under the seats. A speed of nine miles an hour can, it is stated, be obtained with a car carrying an average of thirty-six passengers, the cost being little more than twelve cents a mile with gas at the rate of one dollar a thousand feet.

WIRE.—The finest wire in the country is made at Taunton, Mass. This metal cobweb of minute diameter is exactly the 1 600th part of an inch in thickness—much finer than human hair. Ordinary wire, even though of small diameter, is drawn through holes in steel plates, but, on account of the wear, such plates cannot be used in making the hair wire. The Taunton factory mentioned uses drilled diamonds for that purpose.

Farm and Garden.

TRIMS.—Young trees should be cut back severely when set out in their locations and roots should also be carefully trimmed. It is of no advantage to allow bruised or dead roots to remain.

FERTILIZERS.—Manure lasts longer than fertilizers, but it is because the plants derive the use of but a portion of the manure annually, as it dissolves slowly and only as it decomposes. For immediate results fertilizers are much better than manure.

CEMENT.—For an outside stucco, hydraulic cement and clean, sharp sand, mixed with fresh water to the consistency of plasterer's mortar, is used. A coat is applied, and a second coat over this before the first has dried. The gravel must be washed so clean that it will not discolor clean water.

PHOSPHATES.—When procuring phosphates it may be stated for the information of those not familiar with the different phosphates, that ground bone, bone meal and super-phosphate (acidulated bone) contain a percentage of ammonia, which is not the case with phosphate rock, basic slag, etc.

SEED CORN.—Keep seed corn dry and it will bear almost any temperature. But it is nature's method to keep both dry and to protect from sudden extreme changes of temperature. Witness, also, the hull on clover seed, on ragweed, on burdock and on all our semi-tender plants that survive our vigorous climate. It means something.

DAIRYMEN.—Thousands of dairymen have been ruined by abortion in cows, and it is a subject that has long received the consideration of scientists, but the evil has not been abated. It may safely be claimed that it can never be prevented until dairymen raise their cows, and use every endeavor to prevent the introduction of the disease in the herd. It is buying fresh cows that spreads the disease from one herd to another.

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On Plodders.

In the numerous chapters of advice written for the guidance of the young people, no recommendation appears more frequently than this, "Be a plodder. Persevere, and you will succeed." The fable of the hare and tortoise is a little out of date, but its moral survives in many disguises. Since woman has begun to strive to add to her former ambitions of attractiveness and usefulness those of being clever and learned, she too is urged to be a plodder.

It occurs to us that a fair examination of the advantages and disadvantages of plodding has seldom been made. We should not be surprised to hear of people who were shocked by the mention of disadvantages attaching to such a highly-reputable rule of life. Still even they will agree, when they reflect further on the matter, that it is best to look steadily at all the facts, and all the facts include some manifest disadvantages.

We take the plodder, not in any fanciful and ideal sense, but as we all know him—one who keeps his head bent steadily over life's grindstone, who is unflagging in work, who may always be expected to do his best, who does not sink into a calm after a tempestuous burst of energy, but may be counted on as keeping up the uncomfortable regularity of a trade-wind. When he is at school the plodder will never miss the early morning study. He will conscientiously distribute his energy over the whole curriculum.

The only two things that will prevent his being book-perfect at the finish are a want of time or a want of capacity. When he leaves school and begins his business life, he will settle down to the exact fulfilment of all the self-claimed virtues which the tradesman puts into his circular when he "solicits a continuance of your patronage;" he will be attentive, prompt, assiduous. If his work should admit of advancement through study, his evenings will be planned out for class-work and reading, with the strictest view to the examinations which may follow.

Should he be a working-man, he will be more regular than the sometimes deceitful sun. As time goes on, the plodder becomes a trustworthy cog in the world's mechanism, an impersonation of duty, unsusceptible to impulse or fluctuations of will. The more we describe him the more disadvantages of his position appear to recede into the distance.

But are plodders really successful? The answer of all who have closely watched the careers of many successful men will be that, within modest limits, the success of the persevering is amazing. Men whose abilities seem to deserve a better position than they have won are plentiful enough. Almost without exception such men are not plodders. But find the man at whose success you marvel, when you have estimated his calibre, and the chances are ten to one that he is a plodder.

Over a long course the persevering man has many opportunities which the fitful competitor, however brilliant he may be, misses; and life is a long course. The one supreme advantage which the plodder holds is his trustworthiness. He may not be brilliant, but at least he is sure, and that is counted up as so much peace of mind by those who deal with him. He is like a safe investment, providing a regular and satisfactory dividend. But it must not be forgotten that, though doggedness and resolute effort will carry a man a long way, they will not carry him all the way.

The absence of the highest qualities is a bar to the highest posts which no amount of perseverance will overcome. A man may rise, by sheer force of will and attention to duty, to be a head-clerk who would never be a suitable head of a department. The finest work of all is dependent upon quality of intellect. Training is an utterly insufficient substitute. We all know perfectly well that in the moment of acutest crisis, when great qualities and a splendid adaptability are demanded, we should not look to the plodders for the almost superhuman effort that will ward off defeat. They will be invaluably faithful followers, but not magnificent leaders.

Perhaps the limitation of the success of the plodder may be seen as clearly in literary work as anywhere. If he is a man of good sense and thoroughly practical, he will make a better average living out of his industrious and well-directed use of a modicum of brains than most of his cleverer competitors; but he will not draw any of the great prizes.

Some of them come by chance to people who happen to be unusually lucky; but most of them are snatched by the bold and brilliant. With neither chance nor dazzling skill has the characteristic plodder any affinity. He is successful in a solid, sober, satisfactory manner, but rarely is greatly successful. To force his way steadily with much strife, and incurring considerable jealousy and unpopularity en route, to a limited but substantial success—that is the prospect of the sensible plodder.

Plodding industry is specially suited for certain occupations. There are kinds of work in which brilliancy has no place, and in such instances the plodder has the field to himself. It is so with many forms of retail trade.

Attention, energy, and a sober judgment are the chief qualifications required, and these are all in the line of the plodding worker. Many of the ordinary trades do not specially tax ingenuity; and the steady conscientious artificer can do the work as well as a cleverer and more erratic man, and he has all his own trustworthiness to boot. Even in such professions as Medicine and law the plodder will find firm and spacious standing-room, and astonish you by his success.

Such disadvantages as we have named are not likely to discourage those people of moderate ability who feel that their only hope of advancement lies in unflinching effort to do whatever is within the scope of their powers as well as their powers will permit. They must be plodders or failures. If they are wise enough to persevere steadily with sensibly selected work, they can count upon a gratifying, if not an astonishing, success.

They would probably reach that success the more quickly, and certainly they would enjoy it better, if they remembered that too great self-absorption, even in the pursuit of knowledge and skill, is a mistake, and that the desire for self-improvement should not foster self-love.

Hard study is quite consistent with genial feeling and human companionship; and the isolation that often makes a plodder unpopular is a narrow and paralyzing influence. To such as despise the plodder we would say, "Beware lest your resentment is only a cunning excuse for your own laziness; and remember that the most brilliant of men have nearly always been inveterate plodders in some particular department, in perfecting the knowledge or skill that was a delight to them; and, while genius is not an infinite capacity for taking pains, it is certain to be dissipated and lost unless it can take pains and give itself up to plodding work within the circumscribed area of its intensest interest."

THERE are many persons who neglect their bodies in their absorption in other things. Sometimes it is their business, sometimes a devotion to science or art or philanthropy, which exhausts their energies and saps the foundation of character by weakening the vital powers. A great joy, or more often a profound sorrow, is sometimes allowed to do this. There are sincere mourners, full of self-reproach because they cannot rise above a selfish grief to a higher and nobler life, when the real cause lies in a total neglect of the bodily claims, which has resulted in enfeebling the entire system and depriving the will of its power to act.

THE young person who has been trained and accustomed to detect and enjoy the real beauties of nature and of art, whose taste has been educated to appreciate the best in both, will not be satisfied with or take pleasure in the worst. The beauty of the external world is closely allied to the beauty of character and of life, and the upward steps that lead from one to the other are naturally and easily trodden.

To feel with and for others—what a glorious widening out and enriching of one's life that is! How it increases our joys because of the pleasure that we take in the joys of others! How it renders selfish brooding over our own woes impossible because of the sympathy we must give to the sorrows of others!

BE courteous of gesture, and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person. There is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. He who endeavors to please, must appear pleased, and he who would not provoke rudeness, must not practise it.

WHOEVER will simply do his best in the work that is laid out for him, resolutely aiming at real excellence, and bending his energies to attain it in every rightful way, will reap its highest reward in the increasing development of power and ennobling of character.

NONE but those who keep up appearances against heavy odds can understand what servitude pretence imposes upon the sensitive soul. The sting of confessed poverty is not nearly so burning as is the reality of being poor while seeming to be rich.

WHATEVER you wish your child to be, be it yourself. If you wish it to be happy, sober, truthful, affectionate, honest, and godly, be yourself all these. If you wish it to be lazy and sulky, a liar and a thief, a drunkard and a swearer, be yourself all these.

IN most people tastes grow earlier than principles, and, as they are well or ill formed, intimacies are made which, more than anything else, determine the character of the after-life.

THE utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive, is a constant and determined pursuit of virtue, without regard to present dangers and advantages.

MAN is like a plant, which requires a favorable soil for the full expansion of its natural or innate powers.

SINS are like places at court; we seldom resign them until we can keep them no longer.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

E. A.—The tricolor has been the national badge of France since 1789. It consists of the Bourbon white cockade and the blue-and-red cockade of the city of Paris combined. Lafayette devised this symbolical union of the king and the people, and when he presented it to the nation, said: "I bring you a cockade that shall make the tour of the world."

L. R. S.—It has been shown by recent experiments that the weight of muscles of animals was increased 40 per cent. by the periodic application of an electric current, the growth being a true development of the muscle. According to this, it will now be possible to increase the size of any desired muscle to order, without dumb bell or gymnastic exercises, or other exertion of any kind.

F. C. C. W.—The harmattan is a dry, hot wind, which, blowing from the interior of Africa towards the Atlantic Ocean, prevails in December, January, and February, along the coast of that continent from Cape Verde to Cape Lopez. It comes on at any time during the months mentioned, continues sometimes one or two, and sometimes even fifteen or sixteen days, and is accompanied by a fog which obscures the sun, rendering it of a mild red color. All vegetation is checked, young or tender plants are destroyed, and grass is turned to hay. It affects the human body also, making the eyes, nostrils, and lips dry, and at times causing the skin to parch and peel off; but it checks epidemics, and cures persons afflicted with dysentery, fevers, or cutaneous diseases. It is the same in its character as the sirocco of Italy, and the kamsin of Egypt. The word is pronounced har-mat-tan.

CREOLE.—This correspondent must have been reading some trumpery book on what is called palmistry, for she asks whether having large thumbs is considered a sign of genius. If it were, the monkey ought to be the wisest of animals, for it has the liberal allowance of four thumbs, each made proportionately large and strong for climbing in the world. But the idea of associating talent with physical malformations is very old, and, as a tradition, has been adopted by classes who ought, according to the ordinary course of events, to have long ago been educated out of such nonsense. People must be ignorant indeed who fancy that a satirist is more likely to be a hunchback than anything else, a linguist an unsightly pyramid of bones, and a poet club-footed. This suggestion about large, ugly thumbs, must have come from the same kind of funny perversion of an accident. Physiology has unequivocally demonstrated that the brain is the established seat of the mind; and until that doctrine is upset, the size of the great toe has as much to do with the character of a person's intelligence as that of his thumb.

STUDIOUS.—The sphinx is a fabulous monster of Greek mythology. Some writers represent her as one of the women who with the daughters of Cadmus were thrown into madness and metamorphosed into monsters. She was ravaging Thebes and devouring those who could not solve a riddle which she proposed to all whom she met when Œdipus, being offered the crown of Thebes on condition of delivering the country from the monster, solved the riddle, upon which the sphinx destroyed herself. The following was the riddle: "A being with four feet has two feet and three feet, and only one voice; but its feet vary, and when it has most it is weakest." Œdipus answered that it was a man, who in infancy crawls upon all fours, in manhood walks erect, and in old age supports himself by a staff. Œdipus was the son of Laius and Jocasta. The sphinx was represented generally as having the winged body of a lion and the breast and head of a woman, but sometimes with a female face, the breast, feet, and claws of a lion, the tail of a serpent, and the wings of a bird; and sometimes the fore part of the body is that of a lion, and the lower part that of a man, with the claws of a vulture and the wings of an eagle, all which forms were used as architectural ornaments.

G. H. M.—A lithograph is a picture printed from a drawing on stone. The stone used is a kind of limestone, found in Bavaria. It is made up chiefly of lime, clay, and silica; is usually of a pearl-gray color, and has a very fine grain. The stones are taken out of the quarry in large pieces, and afterward sawed up into slabs two or three inches thick, and of any size wanted. The face of the slab is then ground perfectly flat and polished smooth. After the drawing, which can be made with a crayon or pen and ink, has become dry, it is ready to be printed from. The crayons used are made mostly of tallow, wax, hard soap, and shellac, colored with lampblack. The ink is a little piece of crayon mixed with some water. Very frequently the picture, instead of being drawn on the stone, is made on thin paper, called transfer paper, which is coated on one side with a mixture of gum, starch, and alum. The drawing is thus made on the coating, and not on the paper itself. The paper is then laid on the stone face downward, and pressed, and the ink of the drawing sticks fast to the stone; the back of the paper is next moistened with water, which loosens the gum, and the paper may then be taken off, leaving the drawing sticking to the stone. The rest of the gum is now washed off the ink, and the stone can be printed from just as if the drawing had been made on the stone. Success in the process described depends a great deal upon the quality of the paper used, for if it be gritty it will soon act upon the stone; and upon the manner of regulating the press. In fact, only an experienced person can do the necessary work properly.

EVENTIDE.

BY P. PINOCCHIO.

The sun is setting in the west—
A crimson blaze of gold,
Giving to all a parting kiss
Which gloom will soon enfold.

Silence o'er the country falls,
The birds all end their flight,
And in leafy bowers seek
A recess for the night.

The wind it breathes a final sigh
To drooping plant and flow'r,
The distant church-bell slowly tolls
The solemn vesper hour.

The calling bronze is sounding still,
The yeoman bends his head,
And briefly says a silent pray'r
Beneath the vines outspread.

Across the land the shadows creep
And bid farewell to light—
Oh, if so calm one's life would end
Ere comes the endless night.

The Cad.

BY M. H

Of all thing sirying in a trying world, and calculated to upset the moral equilibrium and reduce the temper to a vanishing point, perhaps a bazaar may be counted as among the most effectual. And added to this a bazaar in the early days of June when by chance the sun burns down with tropical fervor, and no breath of air penetrates within the crowded walls.

And yet Lady Margaret Walker's face as she sat for a brief moment with her friend Mrs. Armistead and discussed a scrappy sandwich in the place of her regular meals, was a study in absolute content. And this, notwithstanding the fact that she had been on her feet for a certainly seven hours and had gone without either her luncheon or her customary siesta.

That she talked unceasingly throughout the weary day and used every known and unknown blandishment for the subjection of doubtful purchasers, that she had organised raffles with untiring vigor, and that twice her best friend had borne away in triumph a most promising customer, literally, from under her very nose! And yet now, when a more equable temper than she possessed might have been excused for giving out, she still smiled on with an expression of absolute satisfaction!

"I think," she said, helping herself to another sandwich, "I really think it has been a success. We have nearly emptied our stall, and though three parts dead I feel triumphant!"

Mrs. Armistead did not answer for a moment; her eyes were fixed upon a girl standing not far from them, who was listening with a somewhat elaborate air of indifference to the remarks of a youth with extraordinarily bowed legs, a strongly-marked, rather Jewish, profile and a decided tendency to riotous rings and watch chains.

"Elizabeth does not seem animated with your victorious spirit," she said at last. Lady Margaret glanced at her daughter and her brows contracted as she caught her expression.

"No," she replied softly, "nothing interests Elizabeth much, and yet when I was a girl I should have considered a bazaar dissipation."

Mrs. Armistead smiled. She had heard sketches of Lady Margaret Wetherby's career before she married John Walker the rich banker, but she said nothing. And after all it certainly had been hard lines that the bank should have failed a year after the marriage, and then that John himself should one morning have forgotten to awake and been found lying across his bed with a little empty poison bottle at his side. All this Mrs. Armistead reflected was hard no doubt—hard for Elizabeth too—then a sudden thought struck her, and she opened her mouth to speak, but closed it again hastily.

Perhaps Lady Margaret had sold other things that day besides the pottery and knick-knacks on her stall!

"Well," she said, "girls are all much the same nowadays, but I suppose they are only what we make them. After all, I don't think they are so much different from what we were, only we forget, and of course we must hold up some sort of an example to them. They will do the same themselves some day."

These were sentiments which Lady Margaret was quite unable to appreciate. It was her firm and unshaken belief that since the days when she was young everything and everyone, with the burning exception of herself, had been steadily and surely going to the bad, and it was only motives of politeness that prevented her mentioning where she thought they would end.

Mrs. Armistead leant back in her chair, and leisurely inspected the people.

"Isn't that Mr. Graves I see?" she asked. A man was threading his way slowly up the room, stopping here and there, but he showed no inclination to remain anywhere long, and appeared to be in search of something he was unable to find.

As Lady Margaret observed him, the expression of contentment gradually faded from her face and a visible dissatisfaction settled in its place.

"Yes," she replied. "That is Mark Graves. What does he want here, I wonder?—bazaars used not to be in his line at all."

Mrs. Armistead thought that the reason of his presence would not be far to find. "You have known him all his life, have you not?" she asked.

"Yes, his mother and I were girls together, and I have known Mark since he was a baby, so I am the more grieved to think of the reprehensible way he has run through his fortune. He is a young man without a trace of self-control—or, I am afraid, moral rectitude," and Lady Margaret compressed her lips into a thin line of disapproval.

Mrs. Armistead suppressed a smile. "Really! I am sorry to hear you say so. He is a special favorite of mine, and I have always hoped that Elizabeth would marry him. He is the one man I have thought nice enough for her."

Then she leant back in her chair to watch the effect of her speech. But Lady Margaret was not to be drawn. The lines of her mouth were still rigid, but her composure was complete.

"Elizabeth? Oh, dear me, no! Such a thought would never enter either of their heads. I always notice that young people brought up together have no wish to marry. Don't you agree with me?"

Mrs. Armistead shrugged her shoulders and intimated that she did not agree.

"Besides," continued Lady Margaret, "I may tell you, in strict confidence, that I have other views for dear Elizabeth. In fact I may say that I have finally given my consent to her marriage with Mr. Plunket in a few months, and he is of course everything I could desire for my daughter, and I only wish there were a few more young men with his strict principles nowadays."

"Ah!"

Mrs. Armistead fixed her eyes upon the young man with bow legs.

Lady Margaret put up her long-handled eyeglass and looked at her friend.

"I beg your pardon, dear."

Mrs. Armistead returned the look steadily.

"Not at all. I merely said, 'ah.'"

Lady Margaret laughed gaily.

"Oh, I see. You wish to reserve your congratulations for Elizabeth herself. You are quite right, it is really no subject for my rejoicing. I shall only lose my sweet child and—— Ah, Lord Greyly, is that you! So pleased you were able to come. Will I go to the waxworks with you? Yes, certainly. I have been longing to see them all the afternoon—good-bye, Caroline dear—good-bye, if I don't see you again!"

And Lady Margaret walked off with Lord Greyly at her side, on the way confiding to his ear that "poor Caroline Armistead was really growing most peculiar."

Now Lord Greyly admired Mrs. Armistead very greatly, so he replied that he always looked upon her as one of the most charming women of his acquaintance, and the subject was not continued.

Meanwhile Mark Graves had made his way from stall to stall along the entire length of the hall, and as Lady Margaret and Lord Greyly disappeared behind the curtain which concealed the waxworks he caught sight of Elizabeth and came towards her. The young man with the bow legs was shaking hands and taking his leave in a loud and cheerful drawl.

"Well, ta ta, Elizabeth," he was saying, "I'll look in to-morrow about tea time as you won't ask me to lunch, but I think it's rather shabby of you. I really do. Hullo, Graves!" as he turned round., "Here you are! Hope you've got your pockets full!"

"A bazaar is a good place for emptying them! I'm completely cleaned out and not a thing to show, but a sofa cushion which don't suit my complexion. Well—so long!" and he departed, whistling and twirling his cane.

Mark Graves looked steadily at the girl in front of him.

"What did 'The Cad' mean by calling you 'Elizabeth?'"

She laughed—but not because she was amused.

"I suppose," she replied, "that since I am to marry him he has the right and you must not call him 'The Cad' any more."

"You marry 'The Cad!'"

He fell back a step and stared at her blankly.

"Hush! Every one will hear you. Take me into the tea room and I will tell you about it. Mamma is with Lord Greyly, so she won't miss me."

It may here be remarked that the baptismal name of the young man with the Semetic profile was John Horatio Plunket. But ever since his appearance in society he had been known as "The Cad"—this being considered shorter and more to the point.

His father had made his money in rags—and other things. Now rags, though unromantic, are professedly remunerative, and John Horatio found himself, at the age of twenty-five, an orphan and the possessor of more money than he could count.

He spent freely, but he took care to get his money's worth—and he usually got it. Though there were those who could have testified to his open-handed generosity where no return was possible.

Fortune showered her favors upon him from every side and his luck had become proverbial. In fact in most respects he was a young man very much to be envied.

Every house that was worth entering was open to him, and the mothers of marriageable daughters showed him the light of their countenance. And the daughters, on their side, called him "The Cad" and accepted his flowers and his theatre stalls.

He quite knew his own power, also what was his real position in society. It wanted his money, and he wanted its houses to visit in. So everything was fair, and as it should be.

But to return. Elizabeth and Mark Graves were sitting opposite each other in the tea room with a small table between them. Mark's face wore an expression of extreme perplexity, and he rested his elbows on the table.

"Now, Elizabeth," he said, "tell me what it means? When did you accept 'The Cad?'"

She did not answer immediately, but with great deliberation unbuttoned her long suede gloves and laid them upon the table beside her.

"Well," she said, "I have not actually accepted him. It has all been arranged for me, which should make me feel grateful, as it takes a lot of worry off my hands."

She spoke slowly and kept her eyes fixed upon a point of the wall at the other side of the room.

Mark Graves felt at this moment that life was a hard thing to understand. He took one of the gloves Elizabeth had laid down and looked at it thoughtfully, drawing it through his fingers, then he pulled himself together and spoke.

"But," he said, "do you acknowledge the right of your relations to arrange one of the most important events in your life for you? This is a matter where you might surely be allowed to judge for yourself. I haven't a word to say against 'The Cad' personally, and I believe he's a very good fellow—in his way.

"But is that your way? Perhaps I am taking too much upon myself talking to you like this, Elizabeth, but you have known each other all our lives, and I can't stand by quietly and let you be persuaded into a thing that may make you miserable afterwards. If you think you can get along with him and be happy, then there is nothing more for me to say but 'God bless you.' But I swear you shan't be bullied into it against your will if I can prevent it!"

By this time the glove was twisted into an unrecognizable wisp, and one or two people in the room were deriving entertainment from the young man's earnest manner.

Elizabeth assumed an air of elaborate carelessness and helped herself to a cake with cream inside it. An assumption of indifference is sometimes necessary for our subsequent self-respect.

"Don't let us become tragic, Mark," she said, "I feel that in a few minutes we shall both be striking attitudes. Have a cake"—and she pushed the plate towards him.

The line that divides tragedy and comedy is often of the slightest. How slight it was in her own case Elizabeth perhaps never guessed.

Mark stared gloomily at the plate of cakes. He felt that Elizabeth had chosen the safest course in refusing to discuss the matter with him, but it did not make things any easier.

"Then," he said after a pause, "there is nothing more for me to say, and I hope you will forgive me if I have already said too much."

Elizabeth's nature, upon occasions, was exceedingly contradictory, she dropped her cake and put out her hand across the little table and stopped trying to look unconcerned.

"Mark, dear, listen to me," she said. "We have, as you told me, known each other all our lives, and I suppose this is the last time we shall talk together like this, or I should not say what I am going to. I must marry John Plunket. There is no choice left for me in the matter. I can't explain any more to you, but perhaps you can understand a little."

Mark Graves rather thought he could. He was not altogether without a knowledge of Lady Margaret Walker. So he remained silent.

"I ought, I know, to consider myself very lucky," she continued. "I shall be, without doubt, an object of envy to the half of London, and the knowledge of that fact alone should compensate for much and make life worth living. If it doesn't, I am unreasonable and must take the consequences!"

As she finished speaking, she got up from her chair and shook the crumbs off her dress.

To the end of his life, a smell of coffee in the air and a confusion of voices brought back the remembrance of this afternoon to Mark Graves. His only feeling at the time was one of wrath against his utter helplessness and inadequacy to deal with the situation.

There was so much he might have said, and what he had said seemed so miserably insignificant and far from the point. But his lips were closed by a knowledge of his own position.

How can a man offer himself to a girl with pecuniary ruin staring him in the face? No doubt such a thing has been done—and often. But every now and then a man has loved well enough in such a case to be silent. Though silence is more often regarded as an unnecessary self-denial.

Elizabeth was still standing by her chair.

"Won't you take me back, Mark? Mamma will have missed me by this time."

Mark got up slowly, and his eyes met Elizabeth's. Our tongues we may control, our eyes not always.

For the space of perhaps fifteen seconds they stood spell-bound, staring at each other, with the possibilities of an unexplored existence in their minds. Then a fat woman with her arms full of the trophies from many raffles, pushed past Elizabeth into her vacant chair, and she recovered herself with a mental jerk.

The vision of other things faded away and left in its place a neat little silhouette of Mr. John Plunket's features.

For a moment her hand rested on Mark Graves' arm.

"Poor Mark!" she said in rather an uncertain voice, and she might have also added "Poor Elizabeth!"

* * * * * *

Lady Margaret was not altogether happy in her mind about Elizabeth after all.

For a time she had forgotten Mark Graves, and she had lulled herself into a sense of security, but Mrs. Armistead's words had awakened her somewhat rudely.

Of course it was absurd to think there could be anything of a serious nature between them, but, notwithstanding that she assured herself of the fact over and over again, she could not quite get the idea out of her head.

Elizabeth was a very obstinate person, and not at all given to taking the same view of her welfare as that which her mother took. And if she once made up her mind about a thing it was no easy matter to move her. But on the other hand, neither was Lady Margaret the person to give in easily to any woman, especially if the woman happened to be her own daughter, and the subject under dispute a brilliant alliance. Oh, no! Any little silliness there might have been between them, she was determined, should now be ended.

A spendthrift and a gambler could not be allowed to stand in the way of John Horatio Plunket and his millions.

She had no chance of speaking to Eliza-

beth till they were back in their own house, then she called her.

"Elizabeth, I want to speak to you." She had settled herself upon a comfortable lounge, with her face in shadow, and a fan in her hand. By way of preliminary she cleared her throat.

"I saw you talking to Mr. Plunket, Elizabeth," she began. "Did you decide anything about the date of the wedding? I think the middle of July would be a good time. That gives us more than a month to get your things."

Elizabeth was leaning against the mantel-piece and spoke indifferently.

"I did not consult Mr. Plunket about his marriage. He is, of course, at liberty to have it when he chooses."

"I wish, Elizabeth, that you would sit down. I have a strong objection against talking to people when they are standing."

Lady Margaret spoke with a certain amount of irritation.

"I thought," she continued, "you would have had sufficient sense to recognize the obvious advantages of such a match for yourself. Because we have a house in Mount Street this year, it does not at all follow that we shall have one next. In fact, I can assure you that we shall not. I am dipping deeply into my capital now——"

Elizabeth's foot moved the fire-irons, and they fell into the grate with a crash. Lady Margaret started at the noise, but made no comment, only she proceeded with tightened lips:

"And if at the end of the season you are still unmarried, it will be a choice between furnished apartments in Bayswater and a cheap French watering place. For you know how little your Uncle Wetherby is able to do for you. Of course, if you prefer apartments, with cold mutton served by a dirty maid, to the position that John Plunkett could give you, that is your own affair. But I think you might at least consider my feelings in the matter."

Elizabeth had listened attentively, if not enthusiastically. At last she spoke.

"Have you ever," she asked slowly, "observed an ostrich, in what your friend, John Plunket, would describe as 'full working order?'"

Lady Margaret's face changed color, and she shut her fan with a snap.

"Even if I were not your mother, Elizabeth, that remark would still be in bad taste."

"I know it perfectly," answered Elizabeth, "but this is not the time to consider questions of taste. I wish for once to tell you exactly what I mean, and save you the trouble of keeping up any further pretence about my marriage—that it will eventually take place is, of course, inevitable——"

The severity of Lady Margaret's face relaxed somewhat.

"This I have known for some time, but what I did not know, and almost refuse to believe, is, that Mr. Plunket should be willing to take me in payment for 'capital' supplied to you. But I was mistaken in thinking too well of him!"

Lady Margaret had quite regained her composure. Matters were, after all, not so bad as she had feared.

"You will some day regret the words you have used, Elizabeth," she said, "but we will let them pass. It seems a result of the age that children should sit in judgment upon their parents, and question their right to act as they think best. Whatever I have done has been entirely for your good, and what you say about John Plunket taking you in payment for the little service he rendered me, is, of course, childish folly! You should have had enough experience of life to know that those things are only done in novels."

Elizabeth walked across the room.

"It's no use discussing the subject further," she said wearily. "I have told you what I know to be the truth. Five thousand is not a 'little service,' and as a proof that I believe what I say, I tell you now that you may arrange the wedding for July, or any other time you please. But you will remember that I am acquainted with the facts of the case."

Then she went out and shut the door behind her.

Lady Margaret breathed a sigh of relief. She had always the suspicion that she did not altogether understand Elizabeth—now she knew it. And the knowledge had forced itself upon her in a markedly disagreeable manner. Her triumph had cost her somewhat dear, but after all there is no glory in a bloodless victory.

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The description of one ball is, I suppose, much like the description of every other ball. The only things that vary much are, perhaps, the fashions of the dresses and the quality of the champagne. And even these are more or less alike during one season.

That Lady Heathercote's dance would be described in the papers as a complete success, and one of the most brilliant functions of the season, was a foregone conclusion.

There was always a certain "chic" about her entertainments to which other hostesses aspired, but usually failed to reach. They were never too crowded, there was always room to dance, if anyone wanted to, and every appointment, including the guests, was distinguished in some way for its perfection.

Mr. Plunket—who, be it remembered, was distinguished for his income, leisurely ascended the handsome staircase and made his bow to Lady Heathercote, then he moved to one side and looked round him.

He was late in arriving, so nearly everyone had already come. He caught a glimpse of Elizabeth's graceful figure passing through a doorway in the distance and he was about to follow her, when he became suddenly aware that Mrs. Armistead was standing at his side.

"How do you do, Mr. Plunket?" she said, "you are the one person I most wished to see. If you are not engaged to dance will you take me to a seat somewhere? I rather want to talk to you."

"The Cad" bowed. "Certainly, I shall be delighted. But where shall we go?"

Mrs. Armistead raised her hands in horror.

"Well really, is it coming to this, that besides having to entertain you with conversation, we must also find you a place to sit out a dance in?"

He smiled slowly.

"No, I don't mean that. I only made the remark just—well, just for something to say, you know."

There was a sweet simplicity about "The Cad" which Mrs. Armistead always enjoyed.

"Oh, I see, you didn't mean it in fact. Well, your manners are mended by the explanation, but you expose the weakness of your conversational powers. Fortunately I only want you to listen to what I am going to say, to answer a few questions, and above all not to mind what I do say!"

Mr. Plunket expressed himself satisfied. He was always ready to listen, which was one of his good points.

They seated themselves in a little out-of-the-way recess, sheltered from view by the usual and conventional palm, which after many seasons of hiring out must have been too weary of life to care about ball-room confidences. So they were safe.

Mrs. Armistead looked round her, arranged the folds of her dress and began.

"I don't feel very happy about what I am going to say, Mr. Plunket, and it's a thankless task interfering with other people's business. But I must do it. It would be wicked to leave things as they are. I saw Elizabeth Walker to-day, and she tells me that you and she are to be married very soon—well, under other circumstances I should tell you what a lucky man I thought you were—but now I really can't!"

"The Cad" smiled faintly, he was not easily impressed and treated the matter as a joke.

"Why, what's Elizabeth been doing?" he asked.

Mrs. Armistead also smiled, but at the same time she was sorry for him.

"You see," she went on, "I have known her a great many years and she is an especial friend of mine."

"Yes, I see," assented "The Cad," and I'm very glad. No girl could have a better friend than I'm sure you are."

Mrs. Armistead acknowledged the compliment with an increased misgiving. Yes, she certainly liked "The Cad," and she was exceedingly sorry for what she had to say. But Elizabeth was her friend before John Plunket, so she proceeded.

"And my great object where she is concerned is to see her happy. Now I'm afraid that a good deal lately has been going on which would prevent this!"

Mr. Plunket glanced quickly at his companion.

"Do you mean that marrying me would make her unhappy?"

Mrs. Armistead reflected. Should she veil her words or should she be brutally frank? Brutality seemed to her in this instance the most humane course.

"Yes," she replied, "I do."

"The Cad" shook himself as though he were relieved of a burden and laughed easily.

"Then that's all right! But you did give me a turn. I expect you think she is being made to marry me, but she isn't. She told me with her own lips that she would have me, and I don't think she's the girl to do a thing like that against her will. Besides," he added with a little hesitation, "I know from other sources that she likes me better than she shows—although I'm not much to look at!"

Mrs. Armistead never liked the young man so thoroughly or was so sorry for him as at this moment, and she registered in her own mind a little private oath of vengeance against the "other sources."

"I'm not at all surprised at her liking you," she said. "But—well, in short, she likes someone else better!"

There! it was out now, and she felt a sense of relief.

"What do you mean?"

"The Cad" was a self-possessed young man, but no amount of self-possession could keep the note of agitation out of his voice.

Mrs. Armistead laid her hand on his arm.

"I mean this. That I think you are being very badly treated and—yes—and bumbugged!"

"The Cad" drew his eyebrows together. "Not by Elizabeth, I swear!"

"No, not by Elizabeth."

He twisted himself round impatiently.

"Then I wish you would tell me what it all means! I never guessed a riddle in my life, and I'll be shot if I understand one word that you're saying."

"No, I thought you did not, and that is why I brought you here to-night, and I told you beforehand that you must not mind what I say. You will be glad afterwards yourself. Did you or did you not lend Lady Margaret some thousands of pounds a few months ago?"

"The Cad" allowed his eyes to open to an unaccustomed extent.

"Yes, I did. But I don't see what——"

"Exactly. You don't see what that has to do with me. But you will shortly. Let me try and tell you how it was. She came to you one day and asked your assistance to tide her over a bad moment. You lent her the money she required, and then—as far as you were concerned—the matter might have dropped, had she not herself hinted that if you cared about her, Elizabeth would be your wife for the asking. You did care for her, and there was no reason to suppose that she didn't return your feelings, because you did not then know as much of Lady Margaret as you will."

The main points of this speech were pure conjecture on the part of Mrs. Armistead, but as she thought, she was not far from the truth.

"The Cad's" face wore a strained look.

"I don't quite understand yet," he said hoarsely. "Of course I cared for Elizabeth. She's the only woman I ever cared for. And if Lady Margaret hadn't said anything, I shouldn't have either—after lending the money, you know—in case she told lies about it, and—er—made Elizabeth feel uncomfortable and think she had to marry me."

Mrs. Armistead looked at him curiously. She was beginning to suspect that he was even a finer fellow than she thought.

"That is exactly what did happen," she said.

"The Cad" whistled softly.

"That's the way the cat jumps, is it? The old fool! She made Elizabeth believe that I was buying her for five thousand pounds?"

"Yes, she made her believe that!"

It would have been impossible for his face to become paler than it really was, but the knuckles of his clenched hand stood out white in the lamplight, and it would have been a bad moment for Lady Margaret Walker to have come in just then.

He took out his pocket-handkerchief and wiped his forehead.

"The old fool," he repeated. "I suppose she never told the real reason why I gave her the money?"

"No. She only intimated in plain terms to Elizabeth that she must repay it in person by marrying you!"

"The old devil! Well, the real reason was," he went on, "that years ago John Walker helped my old dad out of a tight place—you know John was a money lender before he was a banker—that's how he knew my dad——"

Mrs. Armistead did not know, but she nodded her head acquiescently.

"My governor was a grateful old chap and he made me promise, before he died, if I ever had the chance to help anyone belonging to John Walker, that I would. Of course I promised. It was the dad's own money, and he had a right to say what he wanted done with it. So when Lady Margaret came to me last January and hinted that she was in difficulties, I said 'Very well, here's my chance,' and told her the whole story. I had no more idea of getting back either the money or anything in return for it than I have of getting interest on the shilling I chucked to a crossing-sweeper this morning."

Mrs. Armistead wished that Lady Margaret could have heard the comparison.

"Poor Elizabeth," he muttered, "poor girl! Fancy having that old harridan for a mother! She must have had the doose of a time lately, too, thinking she was obliged to marry me when she didn't want to. I suppose it's Graves she likes really. Well—well——" and he took out his handkerchief out and wiped his forehead once more.

Mrs. Armistead would have liked to put her arm round his shoulder and comfort him, but instead she sat silent, marvelling at the stupidity of a society which could nickname a man like the one at her side, "The Cad."

After a little she put out her hand and touched his arm.

"Was I right to tell you all this?"

He started as though he had been suddenly awakened from sleep.

Right? Oh, yes, you were right enough. And we ought to be very grateful to you—Elizabeth and I—especially Elizabeth. Her ladyship would have made a nice mess of her life if it hadn't been for you. But I shall have something to say to her on that subject myself," he added quietly.

His attempt to keep his own trouble in the background was very pathetic, and Mrs. Armistead felt a lump to rise in her throat as she answered him.

"Yes. I think you can be safely left to deal with Lady Margaret. But you make me almost sorry that I spoke at all. Elizabeth will go a long way before she meets as fine a man and as true a gentleman as you are."

"The Cad" smiled, and then she saw how drawn and white his face looked.

"Thanks," he said, "for your good opinion. I'm afraid it's better than I deserve, but I like to hear it and I daresay I shall get over things in a little. But it does knock spots out of a man to think what a fool he is sometimes."

Mrs. Armistead stood up and moved aside the leaves of the palm.

"We are all fools sometimes, Mr. Plunket, and let us be thankful it is only 'sometimes.' But if more people had a little of your sort of folly the world would be a better place."

Then she went back into the ball-room.

* * * * * *

Lady Margaret had, on more than one occasion in her life, passed a bad quarter of an hour. But she had rarely experienced more disagreeable sensations, or a more complete and unpleasant surprise than upon the afternoon when her prospective son-in-law sent in his card and asked for fifteen minutes' interview.

"The Cad" in some respects was absolutely without feeling. One of his creeds was that if a woman behaves like a blackguard she must be treated as one, and no consideration of chivalry towards the sex would deter him from saying all was in his mind when the occasion arose.

And now that the occasion had arisen it made no difference to him that it was Elizabeth's mother against whom his wrath was kindled, indeed, that fact only strengthened his determination of making things unpleasant for her.

Lady Margaret had not altogether realized this side of his character, but she was to do so very soon in its fullest significance.

She greeted the young man with effusion when he was shown into her room and came forward with outstretched hands.

"But, my dear John, what have you been doing to yourself? You look wretchedly ill and at least ten years older. Ah, you young men, you are all alike! Late hours and too much excitement. It's the same tale all the world over!"

But "The Cad" alike disregarded her outstretched hands and her playful manner.

"Perhaps," he said, "before you trouble yourself to talk any more you would like to hear what I have got to say!"

Lady Margaret looked at him through her eye glass. A faint misgiving crossed her mind, but she suppressed it instantly. It was of course only his atrocious manners. But he was not yet her son-in-law so she answered with a fair show of affability:

"Oh, of course, if you like. But won't you sit down? Elizabeth is lunching with the Armisteads, but I expect her back [illegible]."

"The Cad" smiled faintly.

"Thanks, I'll stand. You probably won't want to keep me long. I merely dropped in to let you know that the engagement between Miss Elizabeth and myself is off!"

Lady Margaret was on the point of resuming her seat, but she stopped half way and stood up again.

"Off! What do you say?"

"That's what I say," he replied, "off!"

Lady Margaret drew back.

"Is this a joke, or are you mad?"

He laughed grimly.

"Oh, no, I'm not mad, and I'm not drunk; and I'm not sickening for an infectious disease, though I think I must have been all three the day I lent you that $25,000 and let you come back here and tell [illegible]. I ought to have been there myself while the explanations were going on, but that would have spoilt your little game at the beginning, while now it's only spoilt halfway through!"

Lady Margaret rarely lost control over herself, but her face was deadly white.

"Have you anything more to say?"

"No, nothing in particular."

"Ah! I thought not!"

"Why?" he asked absently.

He was thinking of Elizabeth and fell headlong into the trap.

Lady Margaret smiled.

"Because from a gentleman's point of view there would still remain everything to be said."

"The Cad" looked at her a moment.

"Ay, yes, I see! Very good indeed. But you rather miss your point, because you see I'm not a gentleman—never was one and don't particularly want to be one. But now you mention it I have just one thing to say, and that is, in the society which I came from—rag pickers and that sort of thing, you know, we are not in the habit of selling our daughters to the highest bidder. So you must excuse me if I don't understand how to negotiate a business of the sort, and please consider everything said that would, under the circumstances, be necessary in the highest circles. We are always glad to model ourselves upon the manners of the aristocracy, and I flatter myself that I've learnt a thing or two since I've been among them—but I've also taught them a thing or two——"

Lady Margaret felt that she had made an unwise remark.

"I do not wish," she said, "either to discuss the manners of the class from which you sprang, or to prolong this interview. I was foolish in expecting you to recognise the necessity of a further explanation, but may I enquire if you have have acquainted my daughter with your—or—intentions?"

"Oh, yes! She was, as you know, lunching with Mrs. Armistead, so was I. I told her all that was necessary and begged her pardon for thinking for one minute that she had accepted me for my money, when instead of that, it was as she thought to shield her mother's name. When I came away Graves had just arrived, and I fancy after all," he added, "she will be married in July."

The handle of Lady Margaret's eyeglasses broke with a snap in her hand.

"She shall never marry Mark Graves," she said, and the tone of her voice was not pleasant to hear.

"The Cad" walked across the room and picked up the broken pieces of tortoiseshell and placed them carefully on the mantel-piece, then he turned to Lady Margaret:

"I think," he said slowly, "that Miss Elizabeth will marry Graves, and when you reflect calmly upon things in general, you will be of the same opinion."

Then he put his hand in his breast pocket and took out a long blue envelope which he dropped on the table.

"You will give this to Miss Elizabeth when she comes in and—yes, I think this time I can trust you, because it's the sort of thing that I should know of if it didn't reach her."

He stooped and picked up his hat.

"I have the honor," he said with a deep bow, "to wish your ladyship a good afternoon!" and he closed the door behind him.

Lady Margaret was mentally stunned with the interview, and it took her some minutes before she could even recover sufficiently to realize her intense anger. But there were no words and no feelings which could even adequately express that. The one time in her life when she had been thoroughly worsted was by a little cad with bow legs and three millions of money!

Then her eyes fell on the blue envelope lying on the table, and she took it up and saw that it was unsealed.

She drew out the contents. A folded document and a letter. The letter was not even in a separate envelope.

"DEAR MISS ELIZABETH," it began, "forgive me if I am a little premature in offering my congratulations, but unless I do so now I may not have the opportunity for some time, as I am leaving town almost immediately.

"I also want mine to be your first wedding present, so please accept the enclosed with every good wish for your future happiness. And if you can, without bothering yourself, think of me sometimes, it would do me a lot of good.

"Yours, very truly,

"JOHN H. PLUNKET."

The folded document explained that the title deeds of a row of houses in the neighborhood of Mayfair had been made over to "Elizabeth Huntley Walker and to her heirs for ever."

Lady Margaret read it carefully through, and then she realized that her daughter was a rich woman. And she also understood with an access of freshly-kindled anger why "The Cad" had not hesitated in trusting her to deliver the blue envelope and its contents.

THE LIFE OF A GENERATION.

THE investigation of the length of a generation is one of the least known branches of demographic science, doubtless because of the large number of observations that it necessitates, observations which up to the present day formed no part of the official statistics on which this science was obliged to rely.

To reach an expression for this duration, contained in a single number, it was necessary, in fact, to go over hundreds and thousands of documents and to extract the pith, by operations fatiguing to the most patient savant, while the final result differed ordinarily very little from the value already known to the ancients. So, very often, many authorities have been content to fall back on ancient calculations, or, to speak more exactly, to accept as exactly the expression for the length of a generation, proposed by almost authors and based on a very small number of observations, an expression which has been found by a sort of intuition, a sufficient approximation to the truth.

It has always been a question, even in our own day, in the works of eminent men, whether the length of a generation should not be computed, not with regard to men or women, but to something intermediate, if we may so speak, between men and women; they have sought the length of the generation of an average couple, considered as a single person.

Thus, they say: the man is thirty-five years old, the woman twenty eight, so the average of the couple is (35 plus 28) divided by 2, or thirty-one years and six months.

Now, what is the average age of a couple? . . . and what is the length of a generation for a couple? It is something ideal, fictitious, which corresponds to nothing in reality. . . . Besides, we must understand that certain authors, following the example of the ancients, have concerned themselves only with generations of men. . . . It is important to note, finally, that very often the duration of a generation has been confused with the average length of life, or even with the average age of a population.

Now these are three different things, which it will be convenient to define once for all. The length of a generation is the age of the father or the mother at the birth of a child, not at the birth of the first child, for this would apply only to one particular case . . . we say that the length of a generation is nothing else than the average age of a father or a mother at the birth of a child, whatever the order of this child may be in the formation of the family.

The average life is the number of years that have been passed from birth to death. It may be seen that in this definition the question of paternity or maternity does not enter at all: it is possible to conceive that in certain cases the average length of life may be smaller than the length of a generation.

In fact, since the average life of a group of persons depends simply on the number of years lived by each, it may be very small when, in the particular group of which we are treating, there are a great number of births and a great number of infant deaths, for these will bring down the general average.

So far as the length of a generation is concerned, on the contrary, the father and the mother are in the prime of life, and have long escaped from the dangers incident to infancy.

To cite a single example, which will probably cause those to smile who have confused the length of a generation with the average duration of a life, the former in Finisterre is for men thirty-five years and six months, while the average length of life is only twenty eight years and eleven months! The high birth-rate in this department has resulted, in fact, in lowering the expression for the average length of life, and in raising that for the length of the generation.

We may in like manner remark that in places where the birth-rate is very small the average life is very long, fifty-one years in Gers, for example, and the duration of the generation, for men, is very small, since all the children are born shortly after marriage.

As for the average age of a population, the age of the living inhabitants, which is only the sum of the years lived by the enumerated inhabitants, divided by the number of these inhabitants, though it sometimes approximates to the length of a generation, does so as a pure coincidence; this figure, which has nothing to do with the age of paternity or maternity, is influenced by the presence of numerous children, as in Brittany, and then it is small, or by that of numerous old persons, as in Bourgogne, and then it is considerable.

ARTEMUS WARD'S ACCOUNT OF HIS COURTSHIP.—"'Twas a calm still night in June. All natur was hush't and nary zephyr disturbed the serene silens. I met with Betsy Jane on the fence of her father's pastur. We'd been romping threw the woods, killin flours and driving the woodchuck from his Native Lair (so to speak) with long sticks.

"Well, we sot thar on the fence, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was first painted, and lookin very simple I make no doubt. My left arm was okepied in ballinsin myself on the fence, while my rite was woundid luvingly round her waste. I cleered my throat and trembilmly sed:

"'Betsy, you're a gushile.'

"I thought that air was putty fine. I waited to see what effect it would hav upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed:

"'You're a sheep!'

"Sez I, 'Betsy, I think very highly of you.'

"'I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there, now, cuss!' with which observashun she hitched away from me.

"'I wish thar was winders to my sole,' sed I, 'so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here,' sed I, striking my bussum with my fist, 'to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood.'

"She bowed her head down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"'Ah, could you know the sleepless nites I worry threw on your account, how vittles has seized to be attraction to me, and how my limbs has shrunk up, you couldn't dowt me. Base on this waste form and these 'ere sunken cheeks——'

"I should have continued on in this strane probly for some time, but I unfortunitly lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and severely damagin myself generally. Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in double quick time and dragged me 4th. Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed:

"'I won't listen to your nonsents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'm in!'

"I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immejitely to the parson's and was made 1 that very nite.

It should be held as part of the ethics of family honor never to speak slightingly of any member of the family to outsiders. The old and somewhat vulgar proverb, "Wash all your soiled linen at home," contains the gist of an obvious truth. Parents should impress this family loyalty upon their children, and teach them that it means dignity and strength and happiness to be guardians of their own hearts—as it were, the staunch defenders of the honor of the family.

At Home and Abroad.

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England. It is sixteen miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the county being undermined. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgeport's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore the canal was constructed, and the mines connected and drained at the same time.

Of all the sovereigns of the world the Shah of Persia is said to possess the largest treasure in jewels and gold ornaments, it being valued at $60,000 000. The chief object of value is the old crowd of Persian rulers, in the form of a pot of flowers, which is surmounted by an uncut ruby the size of a hen's egg. The diamonds in another symbol of his rank are said to weigh almost 20 pounds. There is also a jeweled sabre, valued at $1 000 000. Another thing that the Shah prizes is a silver vase ornamented with 100 emeralds, whose equals, it is said, are not to be found in the world. In the collection there is a cube of amber which, tradition says, fell from heaven in the days of Mahomet, and insures the possessor against bodily harm.

A gentleman whose office is in Worcester and whose homeplace is a suburban town is planning a building which will contain perpetual summer. It will be a combination green house and aviary. A great room will have double walls and roof, glass for winter and wire netting for the summer months. In it will live all the year round native birds, which may nest in trees of the same species where hung their parent nests, or in the shrubbery or grasses, as instinct dictates. The wild flowers will bloom at Christmas time. There will be miniature swamps and rocky pastures. All sorts of conditions are possible to the enthusiast fortunate enough to have such an opportunity. In the spring time, when the grass is removed, the house will be almost as pleasant for its inmates as real freedom. No large structure would hardly deserve to be called a cage.

The common objection among womankind to letting their age be known is not shared by the women of Japan, who actually display their cycle of years in the arrangement of their hair. Girls from nine to fifteen wear their locks interlaced with red crape in a semi circle round the head, the forehead being left free, with a curl at each side. From the ages of fifteen to thirty the hair is dressed very high on the forehead and gathered up at the back, in the shape of a butterfly or fan with twistings of silver cord, and perhaps a decoration of colored balls. Beyond the milestone of thirty a woman twists her hair round a shell pin, which is placed horizontally at the back of the head. Quite differently, again, a widow arranges her coiffure, and the initiative are able to tell at a glance whether she desires to marry again or not.

A backwoods court is thus described in a Cincinnati paper: "A desperado was offended at the court and used unbecoming language, and, when fined for contempt, claimed that he could not be guilty of contempt, since there was no court house. The Squire ordered a circle made to represent a court house, whereupon the desperado got outside of the line and renewed his insults. When told that he disturbed the Court, he said: 'Make your court house larger.' Another line was drawn with similar results, and still others, until the murmurs ceased to disturb the Court. An[illegible] the peace. The Court sent him to jail, writing the following mittimus: 'Jailer of Garrard County. You will please look John Blevin up in jail and keep him until I call for him. He has been outin' up and cursing and trying to fight.'"

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When [illegible] you have [illegible] is the result, and un[illegible] mation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be de[illegible] nine cases out of ten [illegible] caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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Our Young Folks.

THE TRIUMPH OF BENJY.

BY C. H.

IT was very warm, and Rosie felt tired. She had been gathering seaweed since early morning, but now her basket was full, and she came slowly along the beach to the spot where her brother sat, within sight of her father's cottage.

A quaint little figure looked Rosa in her striped skirt and coarse apron, with a crimson spotted handkerchief covering her soft brown hair.

She had left her shoes in Benjy's charge, and now she slipped her bare feet into them, and perched herself on a huge stone beside him, for a moment's rest before going indoors.

Benjamin looked smilingly at his sister. He was a sturdy little fellow of seven, very proud of his long boots and fisherman's jersey, and of the old tarpaulin hat that had once been father's and that now adorned his own blonde head.

He had been watching his father mend the nets, and had tried to do a little at them himself. Benjy longed to be a man; that he might be father's partner, and do most of the work. He often went out with the boats, but as yet he was too small to be of much assistance.

"I had such a nice dream last night, Rosa," he began, as Rosie clasped her sun-brown hands around her knees and gave herself up to the luxury of doing nothing. "I couldn't think of it at breakfast, though I tried to. I dreamt that I went to the mermaids' cave, and just inside I saw a fairy, dressed in white. And what d'ye think? She held something out to me and I took it, and"—impressively—"it was a purse full of money."

"Did you open it?" asked Rosa, much interested.

"No; but I could feel the money in it. And I thought of the present we wanted to get for mother's birthday, and that we could buy it now, and I began to run to the village; but before I could get to the shop I woke up."

"What a pity!" said Rosie. It seemed to her that it would be pleasant to buy a birthday gift for mother, if only in a dream.

"I think I'd like to go to the cave, Rosa, just to see if the fairy is there."

"Benjy, don't be silly! You know there aren't any fairies."

"But it was a real dream. And—and—the purse might be there, anyhow."

"As if anyone would leave a purse lying about in such a place!" said his sister with scorn.

"Well, I'm going to look. You might come, Rosa. It's only half a mile to the cave."

Rosie shook her head.

"I don't want to walk a mile for nothing. Besides, I must go in. Mother'll be wanting me to help."

So Benjy set off alone. It was very hot, but he walked briskly, so that he might be back in time for dinner. It was mother's baking day, and he knew there would be yeast dumplings for dinner, and delicious golden syrup to eat with them.

The mermaidin' cave was a favorite haunt of the fishermen's children. It was large enough to hold a dozen of them, and it served in turn for a summer house, a robbers' den, or a king's palace. Benjy's heart beat quickly this morning as he approached it.

What if the fairy should be inside? It was all very well for people to say there were no such things as fairies, but if they were right the story books must be wrong. He crept to the entrance of the cave and peeped in, then drew back. There was certainly some white object inside. Benjy would not own to himself that he felt afraid, but he did. He waited a moment, then looked in once more.

A small white-clad figure was seated on the floor of the cave. Benjy looked long enough this time to discern a fair little face, with a cloud of yellow hair falling around it. A pair of blue eyes gazed up at him wonderingly. He made an effort to speak.

"Are you a fairy?" he asked timidly.

"I'm Midge," was the reply. "And I'm tested. Can you find me, please?"

Then she was merely a little girl, after all! But how pretty she was, and how nicely dressed! He had never seen any one like her before, except in picture-books.

"Where did you come from?" he demanded.

"From over there." She slipped out of the cave, and pointed vaguely towards the village. "I ranned out when nurse was busy," she confessed; "and I can't find the way back. It's a new way, you know."

"Do you live in a big white house?" asked Benjy eagerly. He knew that the only large house in the neighborhood, one that had been empty some time, was now occupied. And this little lady certainly did not come from one of the cottages.

Miss Midge nodded.

"Take me back, please," she said, slipping her hand confidingly into his. And Benjy, proud of the trust reposed in him, led her carefully along the beach, carrying her across the pools, and finding the smoothest places for her dainty shod feet. They had some distance to go, but he forgot all about his dinner in the excitement of this adventure.

The pair had nearly reached the white house when two tall lads in cricketing flannels came running up to them, and the bigger caught the wee truant in his arms.

"Naughty Midge!" he cried, kissing her even while he scolded. "We have been looking everywhere for you, and nurse is nearly in fits. Mother doesn't even know that you are missing. You must never run away again like this. You wouldn't like to make poor mother ill again, would you?"

Midge shook her head gravely.

"And was this little fellow bringing you home? We are much obliged to you, my lad."

"What a jolly little fisherman he looks in that rig!" whispered the other boy.

"He's vewy nice," said Miss Midge patronizingly. "He lifted me over all the nasty wet places."

"Did he? There, little chap, buy something for yourself with this;" and the big boy pressed a shilling into Benjy's hand.

"Oh, thank you sir," said the child, flushing crimson with surprise and pleasure.

This was almost as good as his dream; and when the lads turned away with their sister, he bounded off towards home, arriving there in a breathless condition when dinner was just over.

"How late you are, Benjy!" said his mother. "But I've kept your dumpling hot for you."

Benjy called his sister aside after dinner, and told her the wonderful story. It was a triumph to be able to show the bright shilling, and a greater one to march proudly to the village with Rosa, and to purchase there the neckerchief that they had long decided would "just suit mother," in readiness for her birthday on the morrow.

"I said it was a real kind of dream," he remarked on the way home. "It was a good thing I did go to the cave after all—eh, Rosa?"

"Yes," returned Rosa, with becoming meekness. She felt that Benjy was master of the situation.

"THE OWL HAD TOOTHACHE."

BY H. D. W.

THE owl had the toothache!

At least, that was what he said, and nobody liked to contradict him, because it never does to disagree with rich relatives—especially when they have no family.

Poor little Mrs. Owl did not dare to do so, and a terrible night she had had of it, as he insisted on sitting with his feet in hot water in order to draw the cold out, and now he was huddled up on the corner of the pigeon house, looking a most ridiculous old object with his head tied up in red flannel, and a huge poultice on one side of his face, which gave him the appearance of having a very swollen cheek.

His feathers were draggled, his back was hunched up to his ears, and he could only see out of one eye because of the poultice.

And he was likewise in a very bad temper.

The animals sat round in a circle, sighing at intervals to express their sympathy with his sufferings; and occasionally one braver than the rest would venture to murmur, "Poor dear!" or something equally soothing and comforting.

Presently the dodo—who was out for an airing in his bath chair—came by, and stopped to look with amazement at the curious sight.

Then he got out of his chair and took a seat, and stared at the owl for a long time; and having apparently satisfied himself that it really was a live owl he said—

"What's the matter, old boy?"

The owl groaned and shut his eye.

The dodo waited some time for an answer, but as the owl took no notice of his inquiry, and only continued to groan with his eye shut, he repeated—

"What's the matter?"

"Toothache," groaned the owl, rocking himself to and fro.

"Oh," said the dodo, looking rather surprised, "that's funny, isn't it?"

"Not at all, sir!" said the owl indignantly, sitting bolt upright; "nothing funny about it. I wish you had it, then you'd know if it was funny."

"I didn't mean that exactly," said the dodo.

"Then why can't you say what you do mean exactly?" retorted the owl, still ruffled.

"Ah," said the dodo reflectively, "that's the point! Anything else?" he inquired after a pause.

"Don't know what you mean," croaked the owl, with his eye shut.

"Got anything else besides the toothache?" explained the dodo.

The owl opened his eyes slowly and glared at the dodo with as much display as he could under the circumstances; he was dreadfully disgusted at the question. "As if the toothache wasn't enough!" he muttered angrily; then aloud he answered shortly, "Yes mumps."

"Grumps?" inquired the dodo, with his hand to his ear; "did you say grumps?"

This was really more than the owl could stand, and he replied very tartly, "No, sir, I did not; I said 'mumps.'"

"Oh," said the dodo, "and what's that?"

"It's not that," said the owl, "it's 'thog.'"

"Well, what's them, then?"

"That's not grammar," sneered the owl.

"I didn't ask what it wasn't," retorted the dodo irritably, "I asked you what it was."

"It's a kind of swelling," explained the owl after much consideration.

"Oh! is that it on your cheek?" inquired the dodo curiously.

This made the owl very angry. "It is not," he said; "that's a poultice."

"What for?" questioned the dodo.

"For the toothache," was the reply.

"Whose toothache?" asked the dodo, whose thirst for information seemed insatiable.

"Mine," croaked the owl.

"You haven't got one," said the dodo.

"Yes, I have," replied the owl indignantly.

"You have not," contradicted the dodo.

"Well, look here," began the owl; "I—my toothache——"

"Oh dear no, it isn't," smiled the dodo; "it's your fancy."

"Oh, is it indeed?" sneered the owl; "perhaps you'll prove that."

"Certainly," responded the dodo, "and in a very few words too. You can't have the toothache, because you haven't any teeth."

"Oh," remarked the owl, rather crestfallen.

But presently a happy thought struck him. "I was only pretending," he said, with a little nervous giggle; "just having a little bit of fun, don't you know."

"Ah," said the dodo drily, "I shouldn't wonder. You remember I said I thought it was funny."

"So you did—so you did," hastily assented the owl.

"You heard him say so, you know," he continued, turning to the group of animals, who were now smiling broadly.

They all became grave instantly, because it would never do to offend the owl. "Oh, we all heard him; certainly we all heard him," they agreed.

"Of course you did," said the owl cheerfully, just then dropping his poultice and the red flannel carelessly into the dodo's bath chair, and then as he flew away after wishing them good-morning they could hear his voice growing fainter in the distance as he still murmured, "Just my little joke, you know, just my little joke."

READY-WITTED.—On a first night at the B—— Theatre, a well known comedian once displayed remarkable presence of mind. He was alone on the stage, and was supposed to be expecting anxiously the arrival of a friend.

"He comes!" he exclaimed, looking off on the left. "Joy! I had been awaiting him so impatiently."

At this one his friend entered—on the right! Someone had blundered—but who? There was no time for hesitation, and the veteran player's ready wit came to his aid.

"Silly dog!" he said jocosely to the newly-arrived. "You thought to take me by surprise, but I saw you in the looking glass yonder."

This brought down the house; truly, the audience had been on the point of hissing the very palpable blunder the friend had made.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

Elephants are fond of gin, but will not touch champagne.

Nearly ten per cent. of European flowers are scent giving.

Perfumes are extensively used in all Chinese sacrifices and devotional offerings.

The net debt of New York city, on May 1 was $110,867,000. It is gradually increasing.

Michigan produces one-fifth of the iron of this country, mining 9,000,000 tons a year.

The grandfather of the Rothschilds is said to have owned scarcely a penny in 1800.

Twenty years ago the recognized price of a wife in Zululand was six cows with their calves.

A French railway company has ordered clocks to be placed on the outside of all its cars.

Two volcanoes in Iceland are advertised for sale in a Copenhagen paper. The price asked is about $500.

The proportion of salt in sea water is largest where the water is deepest, but does not increase with the depth.

Some of the tops with which Chinamen amuse themselves are as big as barrels, and it takes three men to spin one.

France, with a population of 38,000,000 has a fighting force of 2,000,000 men, able to appear in the field at very short notice.

More gold watches are worn by artisans and laboring men in the United States than in any two other countries in the world.

Of 400 patents taken out by women during a recent period, 100 were for articles of wearing apparel and 100 for cooking utensils.

The natives of Northern Alaska have no knowledge of money, and tourists to that country have to bring with them goods for barter.

As an illustration of the vitality of the old Welsh language, it is shown that it is still spoken by 85 per cent. of the population of Wales.

Spiders always come out of their holes shortly before a rain, being advised by their instinct that insects then fly low and are most easily caught.

"As blind as a mole" is not a sensible comparison, as the mole is possessed of good eyesight, although its eyes are very small, about the size of a mustard seed.

A bill-posting machine, which sticks bills on walls, even as high as fifty feet, without the use of a ladder or paste-pot, is doing successful work on the Continent.

Barely 52 per cent. of the householders of London take a morning newspaper, 25 per cent. take either a morning or evening newspaper, and 23 per cent. purchase neither.

The temperature of the cucumber is one degree below that of the surrounding atmosphere. It is, therefore, apparent that the expression "cool as a cucumber" is scientifically correct.

A temperature of 4000 to 5000 degrees can be produced only between the carbon points of an electric arc light. The next hottest place in the world is in the crucible of an electric furnace.

According to Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson, the normal period of human life is about 110 years, and seven out of ten average people, if they took proper care of themselves, ought to attain that age.

Every telegraph pole in the remote districts of Norway has to be continually watched on account of the bears, which have a mania for climbing the poles and sitting on the cross-beams, swaying backward and forward until the pole finally falls.

An observing dentist says that long, narrow teeth denote vanity; those that are long and projecting indicate a grasping disposition; treachery is shown by the possession of small, white, separated teeth, and meanness is revealed by overlapping teeth.

Army surgeons say that the expression on the faces of soldiers killed in battle reveals the cause of death. Those who are killed from sword wounds have a look of hate, while there is an expression of pain on the countenances of those slain by bullets.

More than 40,000 sparrows have been destroyed in Gratiot county, Michigan, during the past twelve months, as shown by the bounties paid; but the birds appear to be as numerous as ever. One man makes a good income as a sparrow hunter, collecting an average of $20 a month in bounties.

Salt is a Government monopoly in Italy, and its cost is greater than that of sugar. Everyone therefore uses it very carefully. It is only for sale in the tobacco shops; and the privilege of keeping these is greatly coveted, being a sort of sinecure awarded to men who in other countries would receive a pension for Government service. The waters of the Mediterranean being the source of the [illegible] With the waters of the blue sea at the foot of your garden terrace, you may not dip so much as a pint from them!

MY TARDY LETTER.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STERTON.

My letter has not come to-day—
The sun has gone 'neath cloud away,
I cannot work, I cannot play,
What is the matter? Can you say?

A letter is a tiny thing—
But to it joyous hopes will cling,
And o'er the world a halo fling,
Bright visions of the future bring.

ABOUT VISION.

If we pass alongside a tall board fence, having cracks between the boards at regular intervals, a curious optical phenomenon may be observed. With the eyes turned casually toward the fence we see only the boards, as the interstices are too narrow to permit our seeing what is beyond.

But if we move at the proper speed, parallel with the fence, we may see the view beyond the fence quite well. If we move either too fast or slow we see nothing but the boards.

The explanation is simple, and the fact forms the basis of some amusing and interesting toys. The image of an object is focused by the lens of the eye on the retina or sensitive surface in the back part of the eyeball. The nerves convey to the brain the sense of the impression and this constitutes sight.

The impression of light on the retina endures for a sensible period of time, from one-eighth to one-fourth of a second, even after the object has moved away, and this is known as the persistence of vision.

A familiar experiment of this fact is when we whirl a lighted stick rapidly in the dark, making curved lines or circles in the path of the moving spark.

In the fence experiment, we see such a part of the view beyond the fence as is revealed through one narrow crevice between the boards, and the persistence of vision holds that much on the retina until the next crevice comes before the eye, when we see through that one a repetition of the first, with a little more of the field of view, and so on as far as we go.

The speed of movement must accord accurately with the time of the persistence of vision, which will be influenced by the width of the boards and crevices, and our distance from the fence. A person looking from a car window, as it passes alongside such a fence, may see this phenomenon very perfectly, provided the car moves at the proper speed.

There is a familiar old toy, which utilized this fact and shows pictures of horses etc., apparently in motion. The crude form of apparatus was an open, vertical drum or cylinder, turning on an axis. Around the sides, near the top edge, were a number of narrow slits, through which we could see the opposite picture as the drum revolved.

Inside the drum was placed a long slip of paper, just filling its inner circumference. The slip had printed on it a number of pictures of some object in motion, such as a horse, each picture showing one position of his legs at successive stages of his stride, so that ten or twelve pictures would contain all the motions of one complete step. Now when the apparatus is revolved, and we look through the slit, we see only one picture at a time, but it is so quickly replaced by the next one that the eye retains its former impression during the change.

Then the succeeding pictures, each having the legs of the horse more and more advanced in the motion of trotting or running, carries to the brain the impression of motion, and we appear to see the horse move as in life. This instrument is called the zoetrope.

The great improvement in photography of late years, whereby photographs of moving objects may be taken in a fraction of a second, has been utilized in making a very perfect and beautiful modification of the zoetrope. They may now be seen in many public places, and the illusion they present is most perfect and pleasing. In preparing suitable views a camera is arranged, in connection with a very long roll of sensitized film and clockwork to move it. The camera is focussed on the object, say a group of dancers on a stage.

The clock work starts and opens the shutter of the lens, which impresses one picture on the film. The shutter then closes, and the film moves forward the proper distance to receive the next impression, when the shutter opens again. This succession of movements of film and shutter takes place, at the rate of about forty per second, until the strip of film is used up.

When developed this long strip of celluloid will show several hundred successive photographs of the scene, no two being exactly alike, but each will show the exact position of the actors at that moment of time. From a negative so taken, positive photographs are made on a similar strip and placed in the exhibition kinetoscope machine for the public, on the payment of a small fee.

The observer places his eyes over a magnifying glass and looks downward on the strip, which is made to pass across his field of view by a train of suitable gear wheels. Just below the moving strip is a small electric lamp, and above the strip a revolving plate, having a narrow slit near its edge.

The gearing is so arranged that the plate revolves, bringing its slit over each picture in succession as it passes rapidly under the eye, but hides it completely except the moment when it is in place.

These changes take place at a speed of about forty per second, but the eye does not detect the change. The apparent movement of the actors is most lifelike and natural and the illusion most perfect. Whatever movement or action was before the camera will be reproduced and shown in the most wonderful manner.

If the original dance was accompanied by music, that can also be reproduced at the same time by the phonograph, so that the observer may not only see the actors, but hear, at the same time, the music of the dance. This is an instance of an old and rude toy being perfected by science into a thing of beauty and entertainment for the most cultured minds.

NEW MOTIVE POWER.—A gentleman, looking extremely tired, called at the country house of a noted engineer. "I am completely done up," he said; "I had to make a tremendous effort to open the garden gate: You ought to get some one to pour a canful of oil on the hinges."

"Not if I know it!" replied the engineer. "The iron gate is connected with hydraulic machinery, by means of which every visitor, both when coming and going, helps to raise a large quantity of water to the upper rooms."

Grains of Gold.

Good counsel has no price.

Complacency is more persuasive than anger.

The next door neighbor to selfishness is sin.

Why is it that so many people love to tell bad news?

The man who tries to deceive others deceives himself.

It costs much less to be contented than it does to be unhappy.

A proper time for everything, and everything done in its time.

Falsehood could do little mischief if it did not gain the credit of truth.

If there is evil in the speech, it is proof that there is evil in the heart.

The man who is not conscious of his own faults has no charity for another.

An honest man is believed without an oath, for his reputation swears for him.

No matter what church he belongs to, that man is on the road to heaven whose heart has said goodby to sin.

Femininities.

As people grow old their ideal woman becomes one who is a good nurse.

A woman has for many years been the engraver of medals at the Royal Mint at Stockholm.

She: Have you ever loved another? He: Yes, of course. Did you think I'd practice on a nice girl like you?

Muggins: Why did you allow your daughter to marry that cashier of yours? Buggins: I wanted to keep the money in the family.

To what was the wisdom of Solomon due? It was due to the fact that he had seven hundred wives, whom he consulted on all occasions.

English genealogists claim to have indisputable proofs that George Washington was a direct descendant of John Baliol, King of Scotland.

Maud: That stupid fellow proposed to me last night. He ought to have known beforehand that I should refuse him. Marie: Perhaps he did.

Mother: And are you sure that he loves you? Daughter: Of course I am! Can't I see how he stares at me whenever I am not looking at him?

A chemist advises that canned fruit be opened an hour or two before it is used. It becomes richer after the oxygen of the air has been restored to it.

A girl, discussing an absent friend, named Amanda, exclaimed: "What a pretty girl Amanda is." "Ah!" said the lady, "is she blonde or brunette?" "Oh, she has her days of both," answered the admiring friend.

A little oxalic acid in the water where they are kept will prevent cut flowers from losing the brightness of their tints. It neutralizes the ammonia of the air, which is the agent that fades the flowers.

The post office of Gibraltar is commanded by a woman. The postmistress is Miss Margaret Crosswell, who receives the snug salary of $900 a year. She is superintendent, as well, of all the post offices on the North African coast.

In arranging dining-tables, a space of thirty-two inches should be allowed for each person, and a space of five feet between the wall and the backs of the chairs. An old rule says that the number at an artistic dinner should not exceed that of the Muses nor be fewer than that of the Graces.

A lady who had been taken ill, and who wished to spare herself the annoyance of visitors' calling on her "At home" day, sent a card round to her friends with this inscription—"Mrs. C., being unable to leave her bed through illness, will not be at home next Wednesday as usual."

At a Babylonian wedding ceremony the priest took a thread from the garment of the bride and another from the garment of the bridegroom and tied them into a knot, which he gave to the bride. This is probably the origin of the modern saying about tying the knot in regard to marriage.

A pretty story is told of the late widow of the great Schumann. When she was going to play any of her husband's music in public she read over some of the old love letters that he wrote her during the days of their courtship, so that, as she said, she might be "better able to do justice to her interpretation of the spirit of his work."

Old friend: I was surprised to hear that you had married Mr. Saphead. Mrs. Saphead: Well, he persisted in hanging around me wherever I went, and there wasn't a night that he didn't call and stay until I was 'most tired to death. So I married him to get rid of him. Old friend: Humph! Have you got rid of him? Mrs. S.: Oh, yes, long ago; he has joined two clubs and six lodges.

Winkle: Great snakes! it's later than I thought! My wife will give me Hail Columbia when I get home. Jingle: There's a great difference in women—a great difference. Besides, all couples are not well mated. Thank fortune, I made no mistake. My wife always meets me with a smile and a kiss, no matter how late it is. Winkle: Your wife? I didn't know you were married. Jingle: Yes; married last week.

Lord Arthur Hill, who may succeed Sir Henry Blake as Governor of Jamaica, had a romantic wooing. His present wife was companion to his mother, the Marchioness of Devonshire. Thinking that a marriage with her would be against his interests, she suddenly disappeared, and it was only with difficulty that he could discover her whereabouts and induce her to reconsider her determination. It was this episode she embalmed in poetry in the well-known song, "In the Gloaming."

This is an excellent and cheap way of renovating dirty gilt—a gold bronze dust. Place a small quantity of this in a wide-mouthed bottle with sufficient benzine just to cover it, and mix them well together. Then apply the mixture to the dirty gilt article with a camel's hair brush, as evenly as possible, using the brush in one direction only. The benzine should not be used near to a fire as it is very inflammable, and as it evaporates very quickly, it is best to make the gold-paint as you need it, and to keep the bottle well-corked.

Masculinities.

Willing prisoner—A man locked up in slumber.

Eighteen per cent. of married women are widows.

The common house fly makes 600 strokes a second when flying.

It's easy to convince an extravagant woman that man is made of dust.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland receives a salary of $100,000 a year.

The railways of the world are estimated to be worth $30,000,000,000.

In Russia a young man does not attain his majority until he is twenty six.

The number of dogs in Belgium used for drawing loads is probably under 50,000.

On dark nights a white light can be seen farther than any other, but on light nights red takes the first place.

Matches have not yet displaced the tinder box in certain rural districts of Spain and Italy.

The cardinal's red hat is emblematic of his readiness to shed his blood in defence of the Church and its doctrines.

The difference between "tartan" and "plaid" is that the one is the pattern and design, and the other the article of costume.

Muggins: Don't you think Borrowwell has a strong head? Buggins: Strong! Why, you couldn't drive a nail in his cheek.

There are two or three ladies in a large Continental city who make it their business to feed stray cats. One feeds more than 100 daily.

It is said that there are only two words in the English language which contain all the vowels in their order—"abstemious" and "facetious."

An authority states that the gold in the shape of coin and ornaments hoarded by the natives of India amounts to the enormous sum of $1,500,000,000.

A pot that cannot boil over has recently been invented in Berlin. It has a perforated rim, through which the overflowing fluid returns to the pot.

The latest rat-trap consists of a wire with a bit of cheese on the end. When a rat touches the cheese it receives an electric shock that immediately kills it.

One of the latest schemes of General Booth, of the Salvation Army, is to have a big exhibition of living pictures in London, to consist of converts from every nation.

A South Gardiner, Me., woman, who was bitten by a dog a year and a half ago and who had forgotten the incident, has been attacked by every symptom of hydrophobia.

The Duke of Marlborough's father used to say, in regard to the enormous expense of keeping up Blenheim Palace, that it cost some thousands a year to keep the place in putty alone.

The Czarina now speaks Russian very well. She has a talent for languages, and has studied hard during the last year. English, however, has become the fashionable language at the Imperial Court.

Every morning Prince Bismarck, when he leaves his bed, weighs himself in a pair of scales, and enters his weight in a special diary. In 1879 he turned the scale at 242 pounds, but he has now reduced himself to about 220 pounds.

A birthday book has been made up by an enterprising London shopkeeper from the announcements of births in the newspapers. A little before the child's birthday arrives its mother receives a typewritten letter calling attention to the suitable gifts in the tradesman's stock, with wishes for many happy returns of the day.

The Sultan of Turkey, to the disappointment of many young men, has issued an irade calling home all Turks now studying at foreign universities at the expense of the Government. The reason given is the tendency of the students to take part in revolutionary movements after their return home.

A year or so since a man found a pocketbook containing $150 in cash on the sidewalk in Portland, Me. A card in the wallet showed that the money belonged to the bookkeeper of a business house in that town. The man returned the money to its owner, and as a reward a bill of $5 which he owed the house was receipted.

A Chicago minister who thought his pronunciation perfect, recently offered, as a means of interesting the boys of his congregation, to pay 25 cents for each word which any of his hearers should prove him to have mispronounced. But after making the experiment for one Sunday, he found it so costly that he was obliged to abandon it.

Mrs. J. M. Savage, of Boston, has a remarkable record as a cyclist. During the five years that she has been riding she has made 33 centuries and covered altogether nearly 20,000 miles. She was the first woman to make the Boston, Providence and Worcester triangle, a distance of 145 miles. Last summer she rode 5437 miles, including 13 centuries.

Latest Fashion Phases.

A delightful toilette is made of glace taffeta, printed in a worked design like the rose-work of an old church window, in deep, mixed tones of a great richness, but of a still greater strangeness. The quite plain skirt is trimmed with a rever, large near the waist and finishing to nothing at the bottom. The rever, like those of the corsage, is of cactus green silk, trimmed with appliques of black Chantilly. The bodice, crossed at the waist and fastened by four jeweled buttons, is a little loose, with the two large revers, which open over a guimpe of white tulle. The sleeves, which fit the arm smoothly, have a great attraction, being of an exaggerated length, which is plaited on the lining, then puffed out high near the shoulder with a great elegance. The collar is straight and draped, with two choux of white tulle placed on the back, while a frille of the same airy material encircles the top of the collar.

A simple little gown is made of blue canvas. The full, fluted skirt is adorned on either side by tapering panels of green and blue shot glace finely accordion-plaited and held in at the hips by many tiny buttons in blue and gold enamel.

The accordion-plaited bodice of the shot glace has bretelles of canvas, bordered with plaited silk frills and appliques of grass lawn embroidery, placed at the bust where the lower part of the bretelle has the appearance of being severed from the main portion, is then rounded and edged with the frill and fastened down flat to the canvas strap. Eight of the enamel buttons ornament the upper part of the bretelles. The wide waistband of green silk is drawn high up at the back, and there finished with three little choux, in each of which shines out a tiny button. The sleeve has a puff extending to the elbow, with a tight-fitting lower sleeve. The puff is held in at the side by a broad strap of the canvas, bordered with a frilling of silk, and trimmed with grass-lawn appliques. The draped collar is headed by a frill of the plaited silk.

A very sweet summer gown is made in brocho grass lawn, with a full skirt, embellished on either seam of the front gore with a band of coarse guipure lace, with golden threads daintily woven in and out the meshes, of which the round bodice and sleeves are entirely made. The bodice is flat front and back and is made without darts. A narrow, straight drapery of white tulle extends from the shoulders to the folded sash of wide green and black checked ribbon, which is tied at the back with large bows and long floating ends. The ribbon collar band has a bow of the same at the back. The sleeves has a short puff and fitted lower sleeve trimmed with bands of tucked lawn. A black straw hat, adorned with green tulle, bows of white ribbon and bouquets of pink roses look charming with this gown.

An attractive canvas gown of fawn color has the edge of the full skirt cut in battlements, and bordered with narrow braid at the edge, falling over a green glace silk, the contact being softened by a frill of écru lace.

The bodice is calculated to display a charming slight form to perfection. It is made in the glace, perfectly moulded to the figure, and covered from the waist upwards with horizontal rows of the narrow braid; but from the neck falls the lawn material, which ends at the bust in battlements like those on the skirt. The sleeves are narrow, fall slightly over the hand in the same square divisions, showing ruffled white mousseline de soie at the back, the upper part being canvas, while the lower sleeve is of the glace.

For a gala occasion, a bodice of cream crepe chiffon, printed in light tones, of the Paisley design, is made full back and front, enriched with narrow insertions, let in horizontally, with rouleaux of black satin above. On the shoulders are three narrow flounces, treated in the same way. The skirt is perfectly plain.

Silk handkerchiefs in glace chine are being utilized for bodices, and they make pretty ones when they have plain colored ribbon borders, which are used to edge the basque, revers and sleeve trimming.

A sensible little frock worn by boys or girls is of the princesse type, in a dark blue linen. A wide box plait adorns the centre of the front from the neck to the edge, where the skirt is encircled with two rows of white braid. The large collar describes a sailor at the back, and is bordered with a conventional design, carried out in white braid, while a similar garniture trims the upper edge of the collar-band. The stright belt is enriched with two rows of the braid, the full sleeve being finished at the hand with three rows of the same white braid. This frock can be made of serge, cloth, cashmere, or any light woollen, with the collar in some pretty contrasting silk, or in pique or plain and striped gingham.

A charming little dress is in white nainsook muslin, trimmed at the bottom with two frills of lace, headed by a row of lace insertion, above which are three rows of tucks in clusters of three. This full skirt is mounted on a tiny round yoke made of tucks of the muslin and rows of the lace insertion, which is edged with a deep frill of lace, while a wee lace frill finishes the yoke at the neck. The full bishop sleeve is drawn into a band of the insertion edged with a wide lace ruffle.

In a delightful little walking pelisse of white pique the skirt falls in two box-plaits back and front from a square yoke, which is concealed by a deep square collar, bordered all round with a wide flounce of white embroidery, headed with insertion to match. The quaint little pique bonnet worn with this coat, with rever at the front and embroidery trimmings, presents a very picturesque effect.

A pretty pink and white dimity frock has a slightly gored plain skirt mounted on a short bodice, with shoulder-straps of the dimity and a finely plaited chemisette of white lawn. A plaited ruffle of white lawn falls over the top of the sleeve, forming a full epaulette. The bishop sleeve of dimity has a white lawn cuff. Straps of embroidery insertion may be used for the shoulder-straps, or pink ribbon tied in bows on the shoulder looks very attractive.

Another pelisse for a small child is of pink pique, with a wide box-plait in the centre of the front extending from the neck to the foot, and one at the back falling from the edge of a small yoke. A round collar and cape have the corners caught back with white pearl buttons. The sleeves are in the bishop shape.

A white muslin dress has a straight yoke of embroidery, falling from which is a full skirt, edged with a flounce of embroidery and encircled with tucks. A large turn-over collar, pointed front and back, is edged with embroidery and partially conceals the yoke. The full sleeves terminate at the elbows.

An infant's pelisse in fancy sprigged muslin has a full cape and square collar, both edged with embroidery ruffles. It fastens in front with white pearl buttons. The accompanying hat is of grass lawn, edged with embroidered lawn and tastefully trimmed with white satin ribbon. Ribbon strings are tied under the chin.

Odds and Ends.

ON A VARIETY OF SUBJECTS.

Ink may be taken out of paper in the following way if the stain is not too old: Take a teaspoonful of chlorinated lime and pour over it just enough water to cover it. Take a piece of old linen and moisten it with this mixture, and do not rub but pat the stain, and it will slowly disappear. If one application does not remove the stain let the paper dry and then apply again.

Raw beef proves of great benefit to persons of frail constitution. It is chopped fine, seasoned with salt and heated by placing in a dish of hot water. It assimilates rapidly and affords the best nourishment.

Lung exercises in breathing are the best cure for excessive stoutness. The best time for this is before dressing in the morning and after undressing at night. Five or ten minutes exercise every day will reduce the flesh in a wonderfully short time. Stand erect with the head and chin well up and rise on the toes at each inspiration, holding the breath a moment, then expelling it forcibly and completely, coming down on the heels at the same time. Another good breathing exercise is to draw in a full, deep breath. Retain the breath while counting fifteen and then slowly expel it.

A healthy infant sleeps most of the time during the first few weeks, and in the early years people are disposed to let children sleep as much as they will. But from six to seven years old, when school begins, the sensible policy comes to an end, and sleep is put off persistently through all the years up to manhood and womanhood. At the age of ten or eleven the child is allowed to sleep only eight or nine hours, when its parents should insist on its having what it absolutely needs, which is ten or twelve hours at least. Up to twenty a youth needs nine hours' sleep, and an adult should have eight.

Spinach is useful to those with gravel.

Celery is invaluable as a food for those suffering from any from of rheumatism, for diseases of the nerves and nervous dyspepsia.

Lettuce for those suffering from insomnia.

Water cress is a remedy for scurvy.

Do not live in a damp locality, in a damp house nor in a house with damp or foul cellar or surroundings.

Do not live in a house with defective plumbing or bad drainage.

Do not frequent crowded or badly ventilated assembly rooms nor sleep in close apartments.

Asparagus is used to induce perspiration.

Carrots for sufferers from asthma

Turnips for nervous disorders and for scurvy.

Onions are almost the best nervine known. No medicine is so useful in cases of nervous prostration, and there is nothing else that will so quickly relieve and tone a worn-out system. Onions are useful in all cases of coughs, colds and influenza; in consumption, insomnia, hydrophobia, scurvy, gravel and kindred liver complaints. Eaten every other day they soon have a clearing and whitening effect on the complexion.

A little salt sprinkled on a hot stove will remove any disagreeable odor.

The mustard used for salads by both the English and French is frequently mixed with Madeira, sherry and other wines.

A favorite as well as nourishing drink for invalids is barley water. To prepare it place one quart of water in a saucepan over the fire. Wash well two ounces of pearl barley and throw into the water. Bring it to boiling point, then add lemon and sugar to suit the taste. Draw the pan to the back of the fire and simmer gently two hours. Strain and cover until cold.

Some rules that may be of benefit to threatening consumptives are:

Adopt an out-of-doors occupation, so as to live in the open air.

Avoid as much as possible everything that tends to depress; all excesses should be avoided; and keep free from anxiety and mental and physical overwork.

These causes, by placing the system below par, render the persons less capable of resisting the disease (if exposed to the germs) in such a way as to bring about the development of consumption.

To brighten and freshen carpets sprinkle them with tea leaves or wet paper and sweep thoroughly, but lightly. Grease spots may be drawn out by covering the places with coarse brown or butcher's paper, and then passing over them a warm flatiron. Put a little ox gall in a pan of warm water and with a fresh cloth wrung quite dry again go over the carpet. To prevent moths under carpets use coarsely-ground black pepper, mixed with camphor, and strew thickly about the edges or wherever moths are to be found.

Damp linen is sufficient to account for frequent colds, consumption and premature deaths of a whole family. Rheumatism, when produced from damp linen, develops into a form which is generally incurable. All body linen shortly before putting on, should be made dry by a good fire. Those who have experienced no signal evidence of the mischief of damp linen are apt to be careless on the subject, but the carelessness will inevitably entail its punishment, which is likely to accumulate insidiously until it is too late.

CHEAP ICES.—The following receipes will be found to be wholesome, cheap, and refreshing. It should be stated that the method of freezing consists in placing around an ordinary ice-can containing the material to be frozen, equal quantities of broken ice and salt, and rotating the can until the contents are converted to ice.

Cream Ice, or Custard Ice (sold at London shops at one penny and twopence per glass). To a quart of best new milk put four or six fresh eggs, according to size, half a pound of loaf sugar, broken small or powdered, and one ounce of fresh butter; whisk all together and place the pan on a moderate fire, keeping the whole well stirred from the bottom till it nearly boils, but not quite, or it will curdle—this must be watched—and when it becomes thick immediately take the pan off, and then strain through a hair sieve. This ice can be flavored according to taste, but essence of vanilla is mostly used. It can be also colored with extract of cochineal, and flavored with the fruit or essence for raspberry cream.

Note: The above is an example for whatever quantity may be required. No. 2.—Instead of using so many eggs to the quart of milk, as in the above recipe, use half the number, and no butter, with half an ounce of prepared gelatine, and the same quantity of sugar: proceed exactly according to the above directions. The gelatine quickly dissolves in the mixture, and makes a much smoother ice. This is preferred by most people, though there is not the same amount of nourishment in it. Note: All mixtures should be cold when used for freezing. No. 3.—It is unnecessary to treat upon this common method of preparing what is called "cream," and sold principally in the streets, except to say that it is prepared as a thin batter, with flour, milk, sugar, and boiling water, afterwards colored and flavored.

Lemon Water Ice.—To a quart of water squeeze in the juice of six or eight lemons, according to size, add the peel of three thinly pared, and put with the whole sugar or syrup to suit the palate, with the whites of two eggs whisked, or some dissolved gelatine; mix, strain through a sieve, and freeze. Citric acid or any fruit essence may be used in this or any similar recipe, as the taste may dictate, where the fruit cannot be obtained.

Lemon Ice (as commonly sold at one cent and two cents per glass) is made with an acid, usually tartaric, and a few drops of essence of lemons and sugar. Note: The simple guide to making this and other water ices is the palate; make the preparations as if they were to drink, but stronger.

Scottish Way of Cooking Herring.—After the heads, fins, and tails have been removed, the herrings are split open and the bones taken out. The fish are well dusted on the inner side with pepper and salt, and laid flat against each other in pairs. They are then dipped in coarse Scotch oatmeal and fried in boiling lard.

Hints.—Dip sliced onions in milk if you intend to fry them. Lemon and orange peel are good to flavor sauces with. Fried sweet apples are excellent with liver or kidney. Heat dry coffee before pouring on the water.

Hot Pudding.—Take four ounces of suet, chopped fine, four ounces of bread crumbs, four ounces of raw sugar, the rind and juice of two lemons, three ounces of washed and dried currants; mix with two eggs, and put in a buttered mould and boil for two hours.

Blackberry Blanc Mange.—In three-quarters of a pint of clear blackberry jam, strained as if for jelly, dissolve an ounce gelatine; add half a pound of sugar, and give the whole a boil. Pass through a tammy, and stir it by slow degrees to half a pint of thick cold cream; when nearly cold put into moulds and set in a very cold place for several hours.

Stuffed Breakfast Rolls.—Stuffed breakfast rolls may be somewhat novel. Take one for each person and remove every particle of the crumb. Have ready a cupful of cold cooked and minced poultry or veal, with a trifle of ham mixed with it; melt in a stewpan a little butter, and stir in a dessert spoonful of flour; add a gill of milk or cream and the minced meat; season and stir until very hot. Fill the rolls with this, close them again, set in a warm oven for two minutes, and serve garnished with parsley.

Minute Biscuits.—One quart of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, and one of lard, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one half teaspoonful of salt, one pint of cold water, one teaspoonful of white sugar. Sift the baking powder, salt, sugar and flour together twice; chop up the shortening in the flour, not touching it with your hands, stir in with a wooden spoon the cold water; roll out quickly, cut into round cakes, and bake in a good oven.

QUENELLES.—Moisten one cup of finely-crumbed bread with three tablespoonfuls of cream or milk, add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, and as much finely-chopped meat (stewed veal or fowl cold) as you wish; work in one well-beaten egg, and season all thoroughly with salt and pepper; flour your hands, and shape the mass into balls, rolling them in flour when shaped. Bring to a boiling heat in a saucepan one large cup of well-seasoned gravy, drop in the balls, and boil fast for five minutes. The gravy can be thickened and poured over them.

A GREAT mind can only judge of great things, and we are sure to get the better of fortune if we do but contend with her; if we flee we are undone. That man only is happy who draws good out of evil, who stands fast in his judgment, unmoved by any external violence; the keenest arrow of fortune cannot penetrate him; but, like the hail falling upon the roof of the house, crackles and skips off again, without damage to the inhabitant. A wise man will ever sustain his courage, and stand upright under any pressure of misfortune.

His Luck.

BY C. E. W.

"If no accident happens, dear little sister, I shall be back in time for the October shooting," said Arthur Belton, and he bent his tall head to kiss the vivacious, sprightly little face that his pretty sister Nina lifted to his. "You may prepare for me by the first."

"Your orders shall be my law, Arthur," she answered, with piquant earnestness. "And now for the hundredth time let me caution you about running into danger. Take care of yourself, Arthur. You are all the world to me, and life would be very dreary without you.'

"Trust me for that, Nina," said Arthur, and he drew himself up to the full stature of his six feet one inch. "The Muriel is as staunch a craft as ever sailed, and at this season there is very little danger to the mariner, even on the most rock-bound or difficult coast."

"You will write to me often?"

"From every place that we touch. I'll keep a diary, and if my letters are few and far between they'll make up for this shortcoming in the voluminousness of their contents. Now, for the last time, good-bye!"

And lifting Nina in his arms, he kissed her a half-dozen times, caught up his traveling portmanteau, and was gone on a four months' cruise in the yacht Muriel, which was the property of his particular friend and college-chum, Charley Vane.

Nina watched him as long as he was in sight, and then, with a deep-drawn sigh, re-entered the house.

Ever since the death of their parents, which had followed close upon each other two years previous, Arthur and Nina Belton had lived together at "The Pines," and although Nina was only eighteen, the country folk had long since predicted that she was bound to be an old maid.

As for Arthur, he declared that he should never marry as long as Nina remained unwed, for said he—

"What would the little sister do if I should bring a wife here to depose her?"

So they lived on—a lazy, dreamy sort of an existence, thoroughly content with themselves and with the condition in life in which they had been left.

"The Pines" was quite a large estate, and the revenue derived from the several farms which formed a part of it was quite sufficient to supply even their most extravagant wants.

Nina was a famous housekeeper, and under Arthur's tutelage she had become expert in the management of the farms, and was much at home in discussing the state of crops, and the condition and care of live stock, with the foremen, as in reviewing the latest novel or criticising the newest opera with Arthur.

She could ride a horse to hounds, shoot a gun, row a boat, play a piano divinely, do all sorts of fancy work, and sketch with a rapid and facile pencil.

Being possessed of these varied accomplishments, therefore, Arthur did not hesitate to leave the management of the Pines to her, while he cruised in the Muriel.

She followed the example which he had suggested, and kept a daily diary of her quiet and uneventful home-life, in which the most exciting incidents were recitals of encounters with insolent tramps, and the account of a midnight foray on the corn field by Tom Bowling's half-starved cows.

Arthur's letters, on the contrary, were exciting and interesting. There was a strong vein of humor in his composition, and he had excellent descriptive powers.

The crew of the Muriel were evidently having a splendid time, and Nina sometimes envied them.

She stifled her longings, however, and managed The Pines with such ability that the steward, Sam Cannon, was positive that "Miss Nina was a better man than her brother!"

Late in September, Nina received a letter from Arthur, dated at an isolated spot on the coast of Nova Scotia. It said:

"I shall try and induce Charley to get home by October first; but in case we don't arrive in time, I want you to keep a sharp eye after the pheasants. Those birds that I started three years ago have multiplied wonderfully, and I anticipate splendid sport. By-the-way, Nina, while we were at Grand Pre, I met Paul Hastings. He's just back from the "Wild West," where he has been doing splendidly, and is already a cattle king. He asked for you, and I invited him up for a few days' shooting. He may arrive before we get home. I am certain you would not know him. I didn't. He has changed wonderfully. But to go back to the pheasants. Tom Bowling and his gang may take advantage of my absence to attack them. The rascals know that there is plenty of money to be got from those birds, and in a week's time they would clean them out. I spoke to Squire Horn about it before I left, and he advised me to arrest them for trespass in case they made a foray on the pheasants. Bowling won't dare to begin shooting before the first, but if I am not home by that time look out for him. If you catch him on the place with a gun in his hands, give him into custody."

On the night of September 30 there was a light frost, and the first of October dawned bright and crisp.

It was just the day for shooting, and Nina heard the report of guns several times while she was sipping her chocolate.

Sam Cannon came in before she had finished breakfast.

"I beg parding, Miss, for intruding," he said, "but them poachers is after the pheasant!"

"Tom Bowling?" asked Nina.

And she set her lips firmly together.

"No, miss. I think it's a stranger—probably from the city. There's a train that stops at the station at five o'clock. I did not see him myself, but my little boy caught a glimpse of him stealin' through the bushes down on the marsh edge, an' he said that it was a strange man."

"You are sure the woods were thoroughly posted?"

"I put up the notices myself," answered Sam. "There's nigh about fifty on 'em, an' a man can't go very far without stumblin' upon one."

"Call one of the hands, and we'll go down there as soon as I finish my breakfast," said Nina. "Take your guns along, for the rascal may be insolent, and resist arrest."

"All right, miss," said Sam.

And when Nina came out on the porch, looking very bewitching, but none the less determined and resolute, in her scarlet Tam o' Shanter and close-fitting Newmarket, the steward and one of the farm hands, armed with shot guns, were awaiting her.

"Where did you say your boy saw this fellow, Sam?" asked Nina, taking immediate command of her little army.

"Down by the marsh," was the answer.

But when two sharp reports rang out in quick succession in another direction, he pointed to a pine, the scraggy top of which towered high above the other trees.

"He's right over by the old pine, miss," he said. "He'll probably work this way, for the pheasants are thick in there, an' they're so tame they'll fly low. If we hurry we can overhaul him before he turns."

"Faster then," commanded Nina.

And she increased her pace, Sam and his companions following her footsteps closely, with their guns clasped tightly.

They took a straight course toward the pine, and had nearly reached it when Nina, who was in advance, saw a man in a rusty suit of corduroy just in the act of raising a gun to his shoulder.

"Stop!" she cried, imperiously. "Don't dare to shoot another pheasant!"

"You're a trespasser," added Sam Cannon, and he advanced upon the poacher with his gun raised threateningly. "Can't you read 'This place is posted, an' you kin just hand over that gun an' consider yourself a prisoner."

"I beg your pardon," said the poacher, and he raised his hat to Nina, while his bronzed face flushed; "but——"

"You needn't attempt to make any excuses," she interrupted, wrathfully, for she saw that he had already killed a half-dozen birds. "I won't listen to them. You are a bad, wicked man, and just as bad as a thief!"

Her black eyes fairly blazed, and her cheeks were flushed with indignation and anger.

"But my——" began the poacher, and an amused smile crept across his face.

"I won't listen to you!" cried Nina, stamping her feet. "Capture his gun, Sam, and take him before Squire Horn. If he resists, tie him with a rope."

"Oh, I won't resist," said the stranger, good-humoredly, and he handed over his gun; "but if you will permit me to——"

"But I won't!" stormed Nina. "Make your excuses to the magistrate."

And when she waved her hand accordingly, Sam stepped forward, gripped one of the captured man's arms, the farm-hand took the other, and, with Nina bringing up the rear, the prisoner was marched through the woods, and across the fields to Squire Horn's house.

The magistrate was a pompous, fussy individual, and he glared at the poacher as though he were a murderer, captured red handed.

Nina made the charge against him, and while she was talking the poacher watched her with admiring eyes.

"Um! ah!" commented Squire Horn, when she finished. "What's your name, prisoner?"

"Sir, my name?" he asked, lifting his eyes from Nina's face. "Oh—Jones—John Jones."

"Well, John Jones," continued the Squire, "You're charged with trespass. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I make no defence," he answered, "all that Mi—the young lady has said is true."

"What brazen imprudence!" gasped Nina.

"I shall fine you five pounds and costs," said the magistrate, closing up the book he had been examining with a resounding slap. "In default, one month in the county jail."

"Oh, I'll pay the fine!" said the convicted man, good-humoredly, and he thrust his hand in his pocket.

He withdrew it quickly, however, and there was an expression of blank dismay on his face.

"By Jupiter!" he cried, "I've lost my pocket book!"

"A likely tale," commented Sam Cannon.

An embarrassing silence followed, broken by the Squire, who picked up his pen and began to write.

"I'll have to send you to jail, Jones, if you can't pay your fine," he said; then adding: "I'm not sorry to do it, either, for I've long wanted to make an example of you poachers."

The prisoner made no answer, but he glanced ruefully towards Nina, whose face flushed with exultation, for the man's nonchalant coolness and seeming effrontery angered her.

"It serves you right!" she said.

And leaving Sam and the farm-hand to look after the prisoner, she bowed toward the squire and withdrew, very satisfied with her morning's work.

"Arthur will be pleased," she thought, as she walked home. "And when Tom Bowling hears how summarily that rascal has been dealt with, he'll be careful how he crosses our line."

* * * * * *

"Nina!"

It was Arthur's cheery voice that startled her, as she was thus busy in reverie, and in a moment she was clasped in her brother's strong arms.

"It just came in," he explained, "and I walked over from the station to give you a surprise. Where have you been so early in the morning?"

"To Squire Horn's," she answered, and told him all about the poacher.

When she described him, Arthur's eyes opened wide and his jaws dropped.

He whistled softly and turned on his heel.

"I'll go back to the squire's," he said. "My curiosity is excited, and I want to see this fellow. I'll be back in a half-hour, and you can have breakfast ready."

He kissed her, and walked hurriedly away, while she continued her homeward journey.

She had stepped out into the garden to pluck a bouquet of late roses for the breakfast-table, when she heard voices, and looking up, saw her brother and her late prisoner coming towards her, arm-in-arm.

She was so astonished at the sight that she could not move.

"Nina," said her brother, "allow me to present your old friend Paul Hastings. Lucky for me that I arrived at the squire's in time. Sam Cannon was about to take him to jail."

What could Nina say?

She blushed and stammered; but Paul put her at her ease at once.

He took her hands, and looking down into her scarlet face, said:

"Don't take any blame to yourself, Nina. You did perfectly right, although you would not allow me to explain matters, and that old squire was as stubborn as a mule.

"I came in by the early train, and it was such a splendid morning that I couldn't wait. I know your place, and the notices to trespassers didn't intimidate me. I intended, as soon as I had bagged a few more birds, to present myself and explain matters."

"Forgive my rudeness and discourtesy, but you have changed so much, Paul, that I did not know you!" pleaded Nina.

And he evidently did, for when he returned to his country home a few months later, Nina accompanied him as his wife.

PRIVATE ROONEY AND THE "MEDICO".—The following anecdote has a somewhat fancy flavor, but the original narrator, says the Lancet, vouches for its authenticity.

At a certain military station a newly-fledged assistant-surgeon who inhabited one of the "pill-boxes," as the quarters assigned to the medical staff were profanely designated, found himself unable to sleep one night in consequence of the persistent coughing of an unfortunate soldier who was doing sentry go hard by.

Perhaps philanthropy may have been the motor; but, at any rate, the wakeful surgeon left his warm couch, and proceeding to the adjoining dispensary, compounded a powerful, if somewhat nauseous, draught, which he confidently believed would overcome the most inveterate cough that was ever pumped from bronchitic lungs.

Armed with this potent weapon, and wrapping himself up carefully—for it was very cold—the would-be philanthropist made his way to the sentry box and ordered its astonished occupant to take the medicine forthwith.

The man objected; but the officer was peremptory, and at length, amidst much spluttering and objurgation, the physic was swallowed.

Needless to say perhaps, it acted like a charm—physic always does in similar circumstances—and from that moment until the rising sun once more awoke the multifarious noises of the camp not a sound disturbed the solemn stillness.

Next day at the breakfast table, while dilating on the marvellous qualities of his cough-no-more specific to an admiring circle of subalterns, who one and all advised him to have it patented, the complacent young gentleman, to his great surprise, received a summons to the orderly room.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Blank?" said the colonel, with an expression wherein sternness and amusement strove for mastery. "Here is Private Rooney, who says you forced him to drink some stuff last night which he believes was poison, for he has felt very ill ever since."

"I simply cured his cough for him, sir," replied the assistant surgeon proudly. "And he ought to be grateful, instead of trying to trump up such a preposterous charge!"

"Tell the officer what you complain of," said the colonel, addressing the late sentry.

The patient had a brogue you might cut with a knife, as the saying is.

"I beg your pardon, sorr?" he exclaimed, in response to the C. O.'s request. "Shure it's the truth, and nothing but the truth, I'm aither tellin' you. The dooter he comes out all wrapped up in a blanket, wid a glass in his fist, and he says, says he, 'Dhrink this, me man; it'll do ye good.' 'Is it whiskey, sorr?' said I, for I had me doubts. 'Whiskey, ye drunken spalpeen ye!' says he savin' your presence, sorr. 'No—it ain't whiskey; it's good medicine, that's what it is, and ye'd better be aither tossing it down the red lane widout makin' any more fuss!' 'Not me, sorr!' says I. 'Shure if it's medicine, yes'll be wantin' it for the poor min in hospital.' But it warn't no use. 'Av ye doesn't take it in this instant minute,' says the doctor in a thunderin' rage, 'I'll clap you in the guard room!' And so I had to swallow the beastly stuff."

"Well, the beastly stuff cured your cough, at all events," said Mr. Blank, when decorum once more resumed its wonted sway.

"You had been barking away for an hour or more, and I did not hear you cough once afterwards."

"Faix, then, it warn't me ye heard barkin' at all!" cried Private Rooney triumphantly. "It wor Bill Smith, whose place I hadn't took more'n two minutes whin you came wid the pison!"

GRIEF, in whatever measure it may exist, will always be most obstinate and dangerous in those unengaged in active pursuits, and who have consequently leisure to brood over their troubles. Bodily and mental activity, and more especially when it is the result of necessity, must, by creating fresh trains of association, and diverting the thoughts into new channels, tend to weaken the poignancy of affliction. Nothing, in truth, serves more effectively to lighten the calamities of life than steady and interesting employment.

Humorous.

GONE.

"Be gone!" she cried; and it was left
For any one to know
Who saw him sitting there with her,
That he was badly so.

Wife: It must be bedtime, George. Husband: Hardly; the baby has waked up yet.

The following is concise: A Tennessee negro had a quarrel with a locomotive. Age unknown.

She, dreamily: Only fancy! A month from to-day we shall be married.

He, absently: Well, let's be happy while we can.

Old Bullion: What, you wish to marry my daughter? She is a mere schoolgirl yet.

Suitor: Yes, sir. I came early to avoid the rush.

"Don't you know, prisoner, that it's very wrong to steal a pig?"

"I do now, your honor. They make such a row."

"Why don't you marry that girl? She is a real pearl."

"Ah, yes, but I don't like the mother of pearl."

"I would die for you!" passionately exclaimed the rich, old suitor: and the practical girl calmly asked him:

"How soon?"

Sawdley: Snaggs says he is a failure as far as success is concerned.

Criffe: In other words, he's a success as far as failure is concerned.

Insurance examiner: Has there been any insanity in your family?

Mrs. De Abuoc: Well, my sister married a man who hadn't a penny.

Mrs. Cook: They say a man can live for a long time on nothing but bread and water.

Mr. Cook: It depends a good deal on who makes the bread.

"I wonder what makes those buttons burst off so?" Dora petulantly exclaimed.

David looked at her tight-fitting dress.

"Force of habit, probably," he said, after a thoughtful pause.

"What makes men of mature years wear so sad an expression?"

"Probably they are so mortified to think they have forgotten all they thought they knew when they left school."

Blobbs: I hear Wigwag is suffering from heat prostration.

Slobbs: Yes, he asked a man if it was hot enough for him. The doctors say he will be in the hospital for two weeks.

Widow: Well, Mr. Brief, have you read the will?

Brief: But I can make nothing out of it.

Heirs: Let us have it patented. 'Twill that a lawyer can't make anything out of is a blessing.

"That sour, old fellow, Grumpus, has a job that just suits him."

"What's that?"

"He's stationmaster where dirty trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."

He: Won't you be my wife? I have paddled my own canoe for years, and feel sure that I could support you.

She: Gracel Nonsense, if you had said you had sailed your own yacht for years, I might have considered your proposal.

He: Is there anything I can do to prove my affection, so that you will not doubt it?

She: There is. Marry my sister. She is ten years older than I, and mamma is determined not to let me marry till Sophia is disposed of.

Jack: Half a dozen of my girl's cousins are growing up, and I am considering the question as to when I should stop kissing them. What do you think?

Jill: There's only one rule, my dear fellow. When they are old enough for you to enjoy it, then it's time to stop.

Kind neighbor, accompanied by a large mastiff, to a little girl very much afraid of him: He's a good dog; he never bites any one. Don't you see how he's wagging his tail?

Little girl, still shrinking back: Yes, I see; but that isn't the end I'm afraid of.

They were seated in the parlor, conversing on the uncertainty of life. She: "The future is a vast, unfathomable mystery to us, isn't it?"

He: "Yes; all we know is that we have to go some time."

Voice from the library:

"It would suit the convenience of this household if you'd make it a little sooner than that."

It was 11.30 P. M., and the clock marked the half-hour with a sharp bang. The young man looked around hastily, the girl wearily.

"Oh," he said, with a short laugh, "it almost startled me."

"I beg your pardon," said the girl.

"It almost startled me," he repeated, politely.

"Oh, excuse me," she apologized, "I thought you said it almost started you."

He got out during the next ten minutes.

CONCERING WILD ANIMALS.

A person who has tramped about in the woods for thirty years, as I have done, said an experienced woodman, may learn a great many curious things if he keeps his eyes open and has head enough to remember 'em all.

I have hunted and trapped almost the entire length of the Blue Mountain ridge ever since I was a boy, and I have learned a great many things that some folks don't know. And I haven't found all the curious things in the woods, either. The fields and the swamps show their share.

Now, who ever read in any book that the mink, which is popularly supposed to be an animal that gets its living entirely from the water, will sit all night, if necessary, in the nest of a rabbit, waiting to rob the unsuspecting bunny when he comes hopping home?

And the nest of the rabbit may be miles from any stream, at that. I know the minks will do this, for I have shot scores of them as they crouched beneath a bush or a high tuft of weeds where some rabbit had its cosy home.

The skunk will do the same thing, and so will the weasel. By the way, I wonder if any veterinary surgeon ever knew that the inner skin of a mink, dried, and powdered, is the best thing in the world for foundered horses? I never heard of one who did.

I have learned by observation that owls never build nests. They lay two big eggs, and will deposit them in a squirrel's nest, hawk's nest, or any other similar receptacle, but they don't make nests of their own.

The owl bolts its food, and then sits on a limb while digestion proceeds. The feathers and fur and bones of what the owl has partaken are by some process separated from the nutritive parts and formed into a ball, which the owl ejects from his mouth.

The hawk, on the other hand, is nice about its meal. It will pluck the chicken or bird, or skin its rabbit before eating it, and remove the bones with surgical nicety.

I once found a curious nest on Pisgah Hill. There were ten eggs in it of different sizes, some of them very large ones. I took them all home and put them under a hen.

All but two of them hatched, but after different periods of incubation. The result was a screech owl, four pheasants, two wild turkeys and a wood duck, and raised them all.

The spoiled eggs, I think, were a night hawk's and a crane's. I found out afterward that what I thought was a nest was not a nest at all, but a place where an egg collector of the locality had deposited some of his spoils one day while he went in search for more.

Bear's grease has for time out of mind been considered the best of all bases for hair oil. That may be, if only a hair-dressing is wanted.

Bear's grease has no medicinal qualities. On the contrary, coon's oil not only makes the best of hair-dressing, but the person who uses it will never be troubled with dandruff or baldness.

It may be known, but I doubt it, that the coon, no matter how near starvation he may be, will not eat the choicest morsel if he can't get to water and wash it first.

The coon bears its young every two years, and the mother coon keeps one family of young about her to the very day she brings forth another. When the female coon is with young she leaves no scent that a dog can follow.

The skunk is by general acceptance in this country believed to be the polecat, and in some localities it is known by no other name. The fact is, the skunk is no more a polecat than the bear is a fox. There is no such a thing in the United States as a polecat, which is a true weasel, common in England and other European countries.

The oil that can be fried from skunks' fat is an incomparable remedy for croup, sore throat, asthma, and kindred diseases, and I have sold in my time the oil of three thousand skunks at $1 an ounce. It is the most penetrating ointment I know of, and everybody in the Juniata Valley knows its value.

A rattlesnake or any other venomous snake will go a mile out of its way, if it is necessary, to avoid a non-venomous one, even if the latter is only a garter snake. Venomous snakes don't fear each other, and never fight among themselves, but they're mortally afraid of the other kind. A black snake will whip and kill a rattlesnake in a very short time.

A rattlesnake doesn't spring his rattle to warn folks of his presence, only when he is taking his ease and doesn't want to be disturbed.

The rattler is lazy, and hates to move after he had settled down for a busk in the sun; and he turns on his rattle, hoping that it will keep intruders away, and save him the trouble of changing his position. When the rattler wants to bite something he doesn't betray his presence by rattling. He knows better than to do that.

Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something. Luck lies in bed and wishes the postman would bring him a legacy; labor turns out at six o'clock, and with busy pen or ringing hammer lays the foundation of a competence. Luck whines; labor whistles. Luck relies on chance; labor on character.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov., 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

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Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

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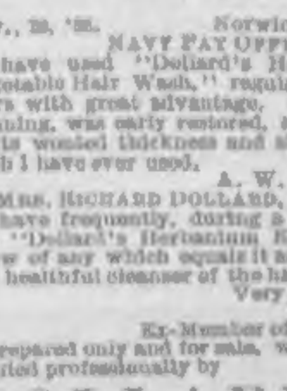

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For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, Saturdays only 2.30, 4.05, 6.20, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.20, 7.45 a m, 1.42 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom 5.54 p m.

For Shamokin and Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.05 a m, 4.05 11.30 p m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Additional for Shamokin—Express, week-days, 6.20 p m. Accom., 4.20 a m. Sundays—Express, 4.00 a m.

For Danville and Bloomsburg, 10.05 a m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express, 9.00, a m, 2.00, (Saturdays only 3.00), 4.00, 5.00, p m. Accommodation, 8.00 a m, 4.30, 6.30 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accommodation 8.00 a m, 4.45 p m.

Leave Atlantic City depot—Week-days—Express, 7.30, 9.00 a m, 3.30, 5.30 p m. Accommodation, 6.30, 8.15 a m, 1.3 p m. Sundays—Express, 4.00, 5.30, 8.00 p m. Accommodation, 7.45 a m, 4.45 p m.

Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m.

Lakewood, week-days, 8.00 a m, 4.15 p m.

FOR CAPE MAY.

Week-days, 9.15 a m, 4.15 p m. Sundays, 9.15 a m.

Leave Cape May, week-days, 7.35 a m, 3.40 p m. Sundays, 3.40 p m.

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